



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 29 Aug. 1962

Paris collections





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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

29 AUGUST, 1962

Volume 246 Number 3183

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Autumn in Paris has the special dash and piquance that is captured in Johnny Moncada's cover picture. From the collection of Christian Dior comes the tobacco brown and saffron velvet suit with longer jacket, slim skirt and crepe blouse worn with a matching tomboy cap. Fashion Editor Elizabeth Dickson covering the Paris collections reports a nostalgia for the 30s, see page 449 onwards. There are more pictures from Paris on page 437—they were taken in the home of Sir Pierson Dixon, our ambassador to France

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Aboyne Games, 5 September.
Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, 6 September.
Edinburgh Festival, to 8 September.

Polo Tournaments: Cirencester, to 2 September; Rhinefield, 4-8 September.

Burghley Horse Trials (European Championships), Stamford, Lincs, 5-7 September. (Dance at Exton Hall, 7 September.)

Young Riders' Championship of Great Britain, Hickstead, 7-9 September.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, 30 August-13 September.

Northern Antique Dealers' Fair, Harrogate, 13-20 September.

Farnborough Air Show, 7-9 September.

Junior Tennis Championships of Gt. Britain, Wimbledon, 10-15 September.

St. Leger, Doncaster, 12 September.

IRISH EVENTS

Repertory season of famous Abbey Theatre Plays, Kilarney, to September; **Galway Oyster Festival**, 15 September.

Dublin Theatre Festival, 24-27 September; **Wexford Festival of Music & the Arts**, 21-28 October.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Brighton, Chepstow, today; Brighton, Beverley, today & 30; Hurst Park, 31 August, 1 September; Bath, Pontefract, Newcastle, Lanark, 1; Birmingham, Windsor, 3, 4; Ripon, Pontefract, 5. **Steeplechasing**: Newton Abbot, today & 30; Stratford-on-Avon, 1; Haldon (Devon & Exeter meeting), 5, 6 September.

CRICKET

Minor Counties v. Pakistan, Torquay, today & 30 August.
Hastings Cricket Festival, to 4 September.

GOLF

Girls' Championship & International, Alnmouth, to 31 August.

MUSICAL

Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester Cathedral, 2-7 September.

Covent Garden Opera. *Siegfried*, 6 p.m., 7, 11, 14, 17 September; *Madama Butterfly*, 7.30 p.m., 10 September; *Aida*, 7 p.m., 13, 15 September. (cov 1066.)

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays, to 15 September. (KEN 8212.)

London's Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. nightly (matinees, 5 p.m. Saturdays) to 8 September.



ERICH AUERBACH

Doing two things at once as demonstrated by Sir John Barbiroli, conductor of the Halle Orchestra. At the King's Lynn Festival he returned to his special instrument, the 'cello, to play in a performance of a Dvorak piano quintet. He could not resist conducting as well. At the piano is Lady Ruth Fermoy, organizer of the festival and Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen Mother

Gala Performance, 6 September. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Britain in Water-Colours, Federation of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, to 31 August.

"Image In Progress," by seven painters, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 11 September.

Contemporary British & French paintings, Lefèvre Gallery, Bruton Street, to 28 September.

"Water & Landscape," summer exhibition, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 31 August.

EXHIBITIONS

1862 Exhibition Centenary, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 September.

"Shopping In Britain," Design Centre, Haymarket, to 8 September.

National Radio & TV Exhibition, Earls Court, to 1 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Arts Theatre. *Infanticide In The House Of Fred Ginger*, tonight.

Mermaid Theatre. *Red Roses For Me*, 4 September.

Strand Theatre. *The New Men*, 5 September.

BRIGGS by Graham



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Principle of continuity

C.S. . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . Wise to book a table
Scotts, Coventry Street. (GER 7175.) Open Sundays. I have two farmer friends who enjoy their food who would not dream of coming to London without having a meal at Scotts—and they have been doing that for over 30 years. This is as it should be, because continuity and traditional fine cooking is its wise principle in a changing world. After all, it was in 1851 that John Scott, head waiter in a coffee house, opened on this site the fish shop that became Scotts Oyster and Supper Rooms. It must be one of the largest menus in the world, supported by a wine list of high quality. The cost is what you choose to make it, but it need not be considerable. W.B.

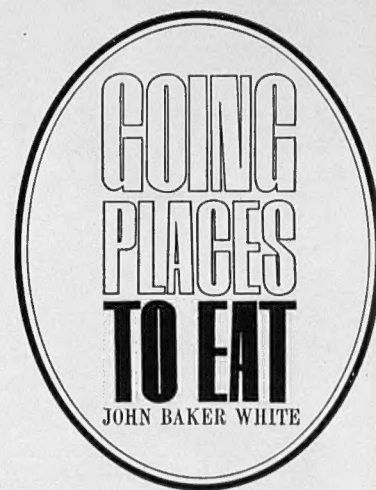
Normandie Hotel Restaurant, 163 Knightsbridge. (KEN 1400.) Open Sundays. In a world of formica tops and plastic fruit decorations I still prefer elegance in a restaurant, and this one has the dignity and elegance that go with unhurried, enjoyable eating and drinking, and interesting conversation. The menu is large, as it should be in a restaurant of this kind, allied to a wine list that no expert should complain about. Rather naturally it is not cheap, but for about 35s. per head without wine you can do yourself well. The service is admirable. N.B. Service is added to the bill. W.B.

Oyster report

I asked Col. Geoffrey Russell-Hay of Overtons for his report on the prospects for this year's oyster season. It could be summarized as "about the same as last year, both in regard to quality and supply. Prices will not be any lower." I got a similar report on a weekend visit to the "Pearson's Arms" at Whitstable. Oysters, like ourselves, do not enjoy cool summers, and they have had three of them in succession. The reports from Mersea and Falmouth show no marked change in quantity, quality or price. Though I like to remember the days when one could eat oysters off a barrow outside the "Duke of Cumberland" at Whitstable for one shilling per dozen their general quality is probably higher today than ever before because more care is taken of them in the beds.

Al stop

The Cromwell Hotel, Stevenage. For both meals and rooms. (Tel. 42.) I do not think that



this hotel need worry about the effects of the new by-pass, for it has an established reputation as one of the better stopping places on the Great North Road. The rooms are comfortable and well furnished, the bar the same, though rather sombre, and the garden delightful. The food deserves the rosette given to it in the A.A. guide. My Sole Colbert was excellent, and it is a much higher test of the kitchen than many people realize. There are several specialities on the menu, including steak Diane. The wine list, as always in the Goodhouse establishments, is well chosen and prices reasonable. Every member of the staff with whom I came into contact was helpful and friendly, and no fuss at all was made about breakfast at 7.30 a.m. W.B.

Wine note

Here are some inexpensive white wines particularly suitable for summer drinking: Gaillac Sec, dry, and Gaillac Liqueux, both 8s. 6d. per bottle, from the Toulouse-Lautrec country north of Toulouse. Leonay Rinegolde. Medium dry: 8s. 6d., from Australia. Pouilly Fuissé 1959. About 12s., from Burgundy. Trauben-Sylvaner 1959. Dry and light: 8s. 6d., from Yugoslavia. Or, if you prefer a Rosé, from the Gaillac district, Rosé de Labastide at 8s. 6d., or from the Loire, Anjou Rosé at 9s. 6d.

. . . and a reminder

Trattoria Positano, Fulham Road, Western end close to junction with Redcliffe Gardens. Well-cooked and quickly served Italian dishes and not at all expensive.

The Burghley Room, Grosvenor House. A reminder that this is a place for very special eating and drinking after proper consultation with maître d'hôtel John Piazzoni. Open Sundays in the summer.

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CABARET CALENDAR

Pigalle. (REG 7746.) *Jill Day* makes a return to the song-&-dance routine in a spectacular revue *The Roaring Twenties* which has, incidentally, the largest collection of dancers, models and showgirls in town

Talk of the Town. (REG 5051.) *Frankie Vaughan* is making his first appearance in *West End* cabaret. Plus the 10 o'clock floorshow *Fantastico* with dancers and supporting acts

Establishment. (GER 8111.)

Satirical observations of varying discomfiture nightly by John Bird, John Fortune, Jeremy Geidt and Carole Simpson who sings

Room at the Top. (ILF 4455.)

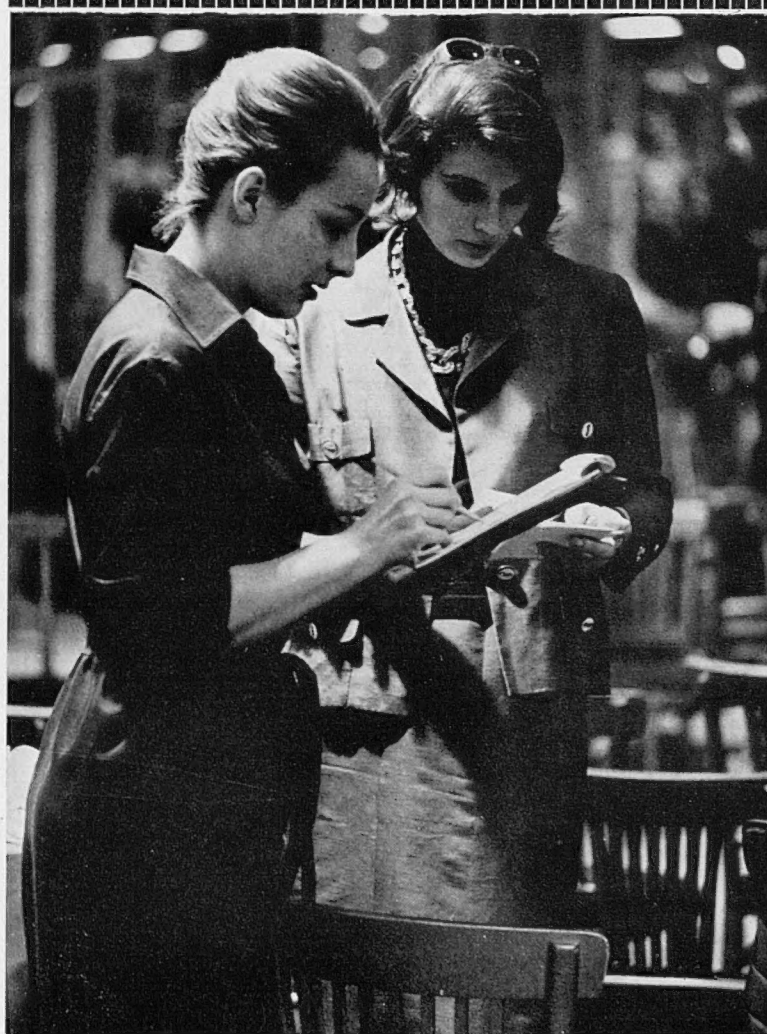
Carmita, a Fiji-born princess whose repertoire of songs ranges from opera to blues

Society. (REG 0565.) *Veronica*

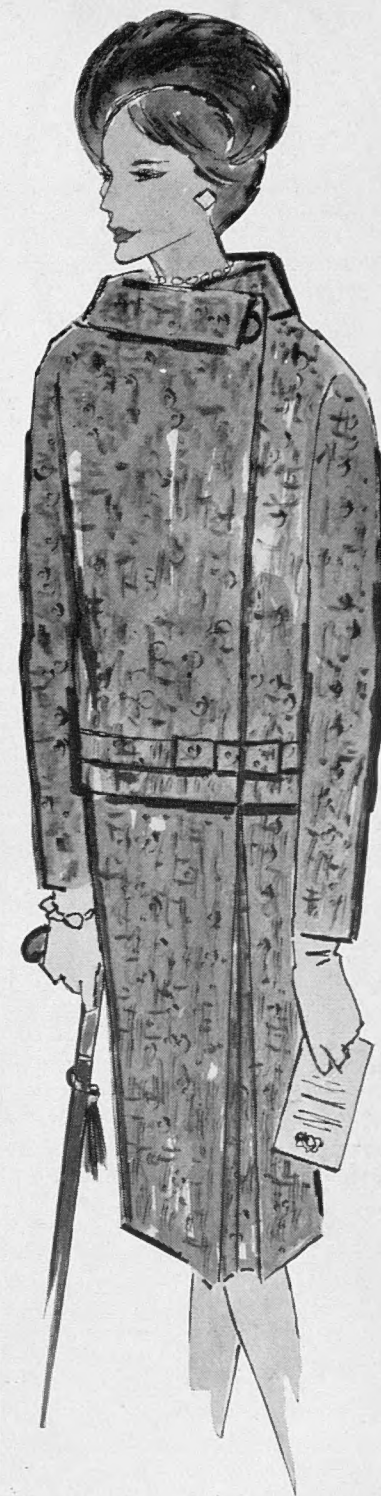
Bell, chanteuse of the Folies Bergère from Paris, who refuses to use a microphone



Gigi y sus Amigos are appearing at Quaglino's. Gigi, who plays the piano, is Puerto Rican and will make some British TV appearances



Suzy Parker, top international model, orders clothes for the autumn from the Chanel collection which she had just watched. Elizabeth Dickson reviews the Paris shows on page 449



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Aswan

WHATEVER HAD LED ME TO IMAGINE the desert was flat? Flying south from Cairo to Aswan, there were sphinx-shaped hills, broad valleys and sweeping escarpments over which the sand had blown in hard ripples like the ocean bed. Below us, the almost unbelievably narrow green ribbon of the Nile was brocaded on either side by vegetation. Stepping ashore at Aswan, the air was like hot crystal. Small wonder that this winter climate of the Upper Nile (I speak of February), combining as it does an almost Alpine sparkle with Caribbean heat, should have made Aswan one of the chief lures of the original Grand Tour. Not to mention its status as *the* winter resort for the prewar cosmopolites of Cairo. Whether those who travelled up on the old night sleeper, six lots of luggage apiece, knew one monument from another, was immaterial. Aswan has not, in any event, the sights of Luxor or Abu-Simbel (though it has recently acquired a new urgency as the easiest base from which to visit the temples there). The old crowd would head, as do today's visitors, for the Cataract Hotel, relics of whose greater and more gracious days still linger in its carpeted, cavern-like corridors (visions of gentle, jerseyed English spinsters with their water-colours as well as of the gin-fizz set), and in its huge, Edwardian dining-room where the service, if not the food, is still very prewar. On arrival, I was offered tea and egg sandwiches on my bedroom balcony. Just below, I could hear the gentle, well-modulated bark of South Kensington. None of it seemed one whit anachronistic.

Aswan is a small oasis of a resort, set on the banks of the Nile at a point where the river is about as wide as the Thames at Maidenhead, and similarly dotted with little islands: Elephant Island, so named because of its formations of



THE RIVER NILE AT ASWAN: *lapping water and creak of sail*

polished granite rocks; and Kitchener's Island, verdant with tropical flowers and shrubs. The recreations are undemanding—lying back in a felucca and gazing at the Daliesque landscape, to the sound of lapping water, the shifting creak of the sail. Or riding through the desert by mule or camel to the third century convent of St. Simeon, and perhaps beyond: featureless though it is in a way, the desert has a curious lure that draws one to reach the next hilltop, even in the knowledge that only a tawny wasteland lies beyond it. In the brief twilight, this landscape turns to rose. By the light of a moon it is perhaps loveliest of all, the river all silvered milk and the desert hills floating behind it in faint drifts of sand, like a mirage.

Aswan is so other-worldly, such a backwater that it is hard to believe people live and work and lead ordinary lives there. I was disenchanted by the idea of visiting the dam, but

agreed to go there in the evening when there was no more sun to lie in. Even to my untutored eye, the sight of huge arc-lit Russian bulldozers heaving up the earth at the rate of 10 tons a minute was, at least, highly dramatic. Ten tons a minute is not, I gathered from a somewhat soured English engineer, a specially impressive rate, but that is hardly the point. For Egypt, this is the biggest engineering feat ever attempted since the time of the Pharaohs. "Taller than obelisks, greater than pyramids . . ." runs the official literature in a burst of naïve but understandable pride.

Quite by chance I discovered another and perhaps more picturesque aspect of Aswan. I was wandering in the backstreets—in search of a fly-whisk, to be exact—just after the sunset gun had fired, sending the kites wheeling and cawing into a green-melon sky. During Ramadan, this gun marks the end of a fast that has

lasted since dawn. As the palm trees blackened over the river, the streets became gay with festivities. A cacophony of music wailed from the open doorways, each of which was set about with little iron tables and tin trays. People shopped for supper from flare-lit stalls scented with hot cheese cakes, pretzels, frying peppers, vanilla sweets and warmly sticky *baclava*. Donkeys, laden with a hay-rick pile of vegetables, were led clapping down the alleyways by brandy-eyed urchins. It was a romantic last impression of a place that sticks in the mind more vividly than most.

The Cataract Hotel closes from May to October, but by next season there will be a new air-conditioned wing. The journey up-river to Abu-Simbel takes about 48 hours there and back, and there are frequent steamer trips. United Arab Airlines fly daily Viscounts from Cairo, £17 11s. return. And daily Comet flights to and from London, £105 return.

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THE TATLER
29 AUGUST 1962

SHOW WEEK IN DUBLIN



The teams parade (*above*) in the enclosure before the start of the Aga Khan international jumping competition at this year's Dublin Horse Show—with an entry of 1,393 horses the biggest yet. The Marchioness of Headfort (*right*) from Kells, Co. Meath, was a competitor in the ladies' Hunter Class. The size and number of the private parties in Horse Show week matched the exuberance of the show itself. Muriel Bowen writes about them overleaf with more pictures by Charles Fennell



In Dublin for the Show

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

THIS year's Dublin Horse Show was the biggest ever with an entry of 1,393 horses that exceeded the stabling. Fortunately a gently persuasive letter to their owners ensured that not all the horses turned up. The DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER won the Hunter Championship, the QUEEN MOTHER the Laidlaw Cup for the best young horse, and Italy took team honours in the jumping. The Duchess was in PRESIDENT DE VALERA's box to see her horse paraded by that consummate artist of the show ring Mr. GLEN BROWNE. Also in the President's Box during the Show were, MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR DERMOT & LADY BOYLE, Mr. ISAAC BELL (he built and first raced the Queen's new yacht Bloodhound), MAJOR & Mrs. JOHN MADDEN, MISS BIDDY WYLIE, SIR ALFRED & LADY BEIT, Mr. JUSTICE CAHIR DAVITT, President of the Irish High Court, and Mrs. CAHIR DAVITT, Mr. & Mrs. GERALD SWEETMAN, and SIR GEOFFREY & LADY CROWTHER.

For BRIG. & Mrs. "FRIZZ" FOWLER it was a highly successful Horse Show. He rode his grey Mr. Romford (already qualified for the Grand National) to win a middleweight class and Mrs. Fowler took it to the top of 37 entries in the Ladies Sidesaddle Class. JUDGE WYLIE was another receiving congratulations. It was he who purchased the Queen Mother's horse as a likely addition for her chasing string.

Others at the Show included MAJOR & Mrs. PETER BORWICK, CAPT. & Mrs. LIONEL DAWSON, DR. & Mrs. BRENDAN SENIOR, Mrs. D. ARCHER-HOUBLON, Mrs. DERMOT MCGILLYCUDDY, Miss IRIS KELLET, Mrs. NEIL FOSTER who was staying with her sister Mrs. ERIC MIEVILLE, LT.-COL. & Mrs. JOE HUME DUDGEON whose son IAN won the national jumping championship, and LADY MOYRA HAMILTON, very businesslike in jodhpurs and headscarf, who was showing a couple of young horses which she bred.

GIRL AT THE TOP

Five teams competed in the international jumping competitions, Britain doing best on the opening day when Mr. DAVID BARKER won on Franco and LADY SARAH FITZALAN-HOWARD, going a great clip on her little South African horse Oorskiet, came second in another. In the championship the standard was so high that Mrs. BRIAN CRAGO could do no better than a minor place after two clear rounds on Thou Swell. Tall, slim, blonde Mrs. Crago is the latest of the

British girls to get to the top in international show jumping, and at the White City she won the Queen Elizabeth Cup. I asked her how she coped with housekeeping and showjumping. She was quite frank about it. "In the summer I have to let the housekeeping go a bit." Last year she married Mr. CRAGO, one of Australia's star Three Day Event team at the last Olympics. But they won't be making their home Down Under. "There are more horse events in England than in Australia." Next winter her husband will probably turn his attentions to steeple chasing.

THE HORSE SHOW PARTIES

There were house parties galore for the Horse Show. MAJOR & Mrs. ANTHONY BURKE had the HON. WILLIAM ROLLO & Mrs. ROLLO, MAJOR & Mrs. GEORGE MURRAY SMITH, and Mrs. A. WINDSOR LEWIS to stay at Stackallen. COL. & Mrs. ROLY BYERS were entertaining Mrs. PETER CHANCE from Melbourne and her daughter, SANDRA, at Clonsilla House. Miss Chance has been doing the season in London. At Corbally Mrs. NANCY HOPE COLLINS had a party of young people for her son, JAMES. But as she said to me, echoing what the other hostesses had already told me: "Having young people is no bother; they're off amusing themselves most of the time and they seem to be able to do on about two hours sleep!" Her guests included Miss SUZANNE MALLING, Mr. ALASTAIR WATSON-GAMBY, Miss PATRICIA GRAHAM, and Mr. RICHARD CORY-WRIGHT. At Dowth Hall Mr. & Mrs. CLIFF CAMERON were entertaining for their family. Their elder son, DAVID, announced his engagement a few days after the Show to one of the house guests, Miss JOANNA DILLON of New Zealand. Her sister, RACHEL, was also staying with the Camerons as were Miss VICTORIA and Miss LENA RAHR. The Camerons' younger son, TONY, who was fourth in this year's Grand National is now schooling the homebred Impudence as a Three Day Event horse and a successor to Dignity, the horse that did so well at Badminton and which is now owned by Miss JANE KIDD. Impudence and Dignity are full brothers.

A DANCE FOR SALLY

Biggest of the private parties of Horse Show week was given by LORD & LADY CAREW at Castletown for their daughter, SALLY, who—most appropriately for an Irish girl—has already represented her country in junior international show

CONTINUED ON PAGE 434



The Duchess of Abercorn. Her daughter Lady Moyra Hamilton rode at the show



President de Valera presents the Aga Khan trophy to Bruno Bruni, leader of the Italian team. Captain d'Inzeo looks on





Lord Ardee and Miss Janetta Parker, in the jumping enclosure



The Duchess of Westminster, joint owner of Badna Bay, winner of the championship



Miss Diana Hallows

Below: Miss Althea Urquhart

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES C. FENNELL



Below: Mrs. Valerian Stur-Rybar, Lady Bruntisfield and Countess de Lesseps





Mr. Peter Sweetman and Miss Penderell Waddington.

Dancing Carews



*Mrs. Peter de Stacpoole and Capt. Queipo de Llano
of the Spanish jumping team*

Lord & Lady Carew's dance at Castletown for
their daughter Sally turned out to be the
biggest private party held in Horse Show week



*The Hon. Sally Conolly-Carew. Below: Miss Moira Pilkington,
Miss Angela Bellew and Miss Tana Alexander*



PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES C. FENNELL



Sir George Brooke, Bt., Master of the Kildares, with Lady Hemphill and Viscount Adare

Kildares in cotton



Lord Rossmore photographs the Hon. Mrs. Desmond Guinness. Below: Lord Fermoy



Lady Avena Stanhope, the Earl of Harrington's daughter



Major & Mrs. Victor McCalmont. Below: Lord & Lady Dunleath



The "Killing Kildares" celebrated Dublin's big week in inimitable style with a cotton dance at the Shelbourne Hotel



MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

jumping. There was dancing in one of the drawing-rooms at Castletown and twisting in Lord Carew's study. "Half-way through the preparations he changed his mind about having his study used, but it was too late then," Lady Carew told me. Staying with the Carews for the dance were, among others, THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE, MRS. HELMUT SCHRÖDER, THE HON. FIONA WELDFORESTER, MISS OLGA MAITLAND, and Mr. DAVID MYDDELTON. The things left behind after the party included a motor car! It was still there three days later.

Next day THE HON. DESMOND GUINNESS and his wife had a tea-cum-twisting party at Conolly's Folly to raise funds for the Irish Georgian Society. This is a Society with many admirable projects in hand throughout the country. "For instance," said Mrs. GUINNESS, "We want to preserve Georgian Dublin, as something for people to see and enjoy. Not enough visitors know of the Georgian treasures of Dublin... the tourist people have a terrible habit of sending everybody to look at the Lakes of Killarney." The Society is utterly tireless in its enthusiasm. The same could be said of its money-raising. Just as I returned to London final preparations were being made for a North v. South cricket match to be played at Lady Mairi Bury's place, Mount Stewart in Northern Ireland. "But Lady Mairi doesn't have a cricket pitch," I said. "Oh that does not matter," retorted Mrs. Guinness. "We play according to Georgian rules of 1744 which state that matches should be played on 'unprepared ground.'"

It is fortunate for friends of LORD & LADY DUNSANY that her birthday usually falls in Horse Show week. To celebrate it there was a dinner party at Dunsany Castle and rather than miss it Mr. FELIX HARBOARD took the midnight plane back to London. Others at this party included SIR DESMOND & LADY COCHRANE, Mr. GEORGE ANSLEY and his daughter PENNY who were at his flat in Dublin for the Show, Mr. & Mrs. JOHN MERTON (they were staying with her sister, BARONESS WINSPEARE GUICCIARDI whose husband is Italian Ambassador in Dublin), LORD & LADY DUNLEATH, and Mr. TOM PAKENHAM who had the house he inherited from his uncle (the late Earl of Longford) let to Americans during Show Week.

It was a birthday party with a good dinner in a gorgeous house but no birthday cake. Lady Dunsany was dead set against having one. "It's so anti-climactic everybody hates eating it..."

and then there is the thing of how many candles to put on it."

Kick-off party for the Horse Show was the Royal Dublin Society's reception in the gardens at Ballsbridge. It started with afternoon tea, finished with something stronger. Ambassadors, members of the Irish Government, and distinguished foreign visitors were received by Mr. H. J. TOLER-AYLWARD, President of the Society, & Mrs. TOLER-AYLWARD. One of the interesting people I met there was GEN. YUSA of Japan who told me he was in Ireland to buy horses for the Japanese to ride in the 1964 Olympics. To entertain the visitors the R.D.S. this year formed a Reception Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. BILL ANDERSON. Not an easy task but Mr. Anderson's thoroughness was happily summed up by one of America's women show jumpers who said to me: "Before lunch he asked us to champagne cocktails at his lovely house, and afterwards he came round to the hotel to enquire if Bill Steinkraus's wife (Mr. Steinkraus captains the U.S. jumping team) had everything she needed for her week-old baby. He sure is some guy."

SIR IAN MacLennan, the British Ambassador, & LADY MACLENNAN were also there. So were MAJOR-GEN. & Mrs. F. M. MOORE, Mr. & Mrs. BERTIE REYNOLDS, LT.-COL. & Mrs. FRANK BOYLAN who had their daughter and son-in-law CAPT. & Mrs. TIM THOMAS with them, COL. & Mrs. EAMON BUTLER, and Mr. & Mrs. R. C. G. SLAZENGER whose daughter Wendy is shortly to marry the HON. MERVYN WINGFIELD, Viscount Powerscourt's elder son and heir. About a year ago the Slazengers bought Powerscourt, the Powerscourt seat which has the most beautiful setting of any country house in Ireland. I also chatted to Mrs. LOUIS EDGE who told me that she is sad to leave Marlay Grange, her fine place on the outskirts of Dublin which she has sold to Americans. But she is looking forward to having more time for foreign travel. Her daughter Mrs. WILLIAM HANSON, well-known judge of hunters and hacks, spent Horse Show week in a nursing home with a broken leg. Judge, they say in the show world, and you lose all your friends but I found Mrs. Hanson's room looking like an exotic flower shop!

TRAVELLER'S JOY

Travelling round Scotland from Queensferry I got to Dublin in great luxury on the cruise liner, Caronia. Four days which I would like to string out like the lady who has been living on board since 1955. She only disembarks when the Caronia is in dry dock.



Miss Margaret Daroux and Flight Cadet Christopher Haysom



Air Commodore E. D. MacK. Nelson, the Commandant of Cranwell, with his wife, daughter Erica and Mr. Robert Henson



F/Lt Charles Sturt and Mrs. Hugh Mayes

Cranwell's Roman Night

Cranwell cadets, led by Flight Cadet David Green, organized this year's Passing-out ball at the college. There was a decor inspired by ancient Rome and two bands played on different floors from 9 till dawn



PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



Miss Angela Manning and Pilot Officer Bobby Morris



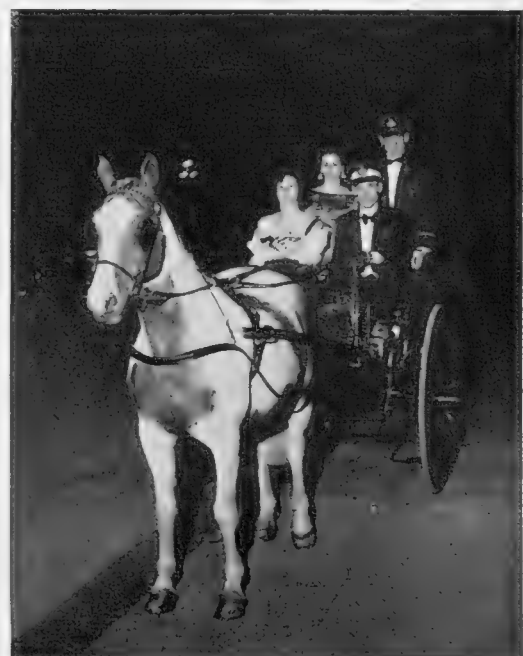
Mrs. Tom Quinn and Wing Commander H. Beavan



Group Captain and Mrs. F. E. Nuttall



F/Lt and Mrs. Tim Elworthy



Miss Pauline Watson, F./Cadet E. Hood, Miss Fiona Fraser and P.O. M. S. Herring

The Gleneagles Gathering

The pace quickens north of the Border with the annual invasion of sporting guests at the Gleneagles Hotel for golf and grouse shooting

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



The Earl of Northesk, wearing a Carnegie tartan, with the Countess and their adopted daughter Phyl Mills and dogs



The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry



Lady Juliet Smith, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Birkenhead



The Earl & Countess of Birkenhead



The Hon. Lady Gamage, her sister the Hon. Mrs. Rose and Mr. Ernest Silberman



W/Cdr. Alan Wallace, a Deputy Lieutenant for Stirlingshire, with his wife, son Moray and daughter Rosemary

NO. 39 FAUBOURG ST. HONORE

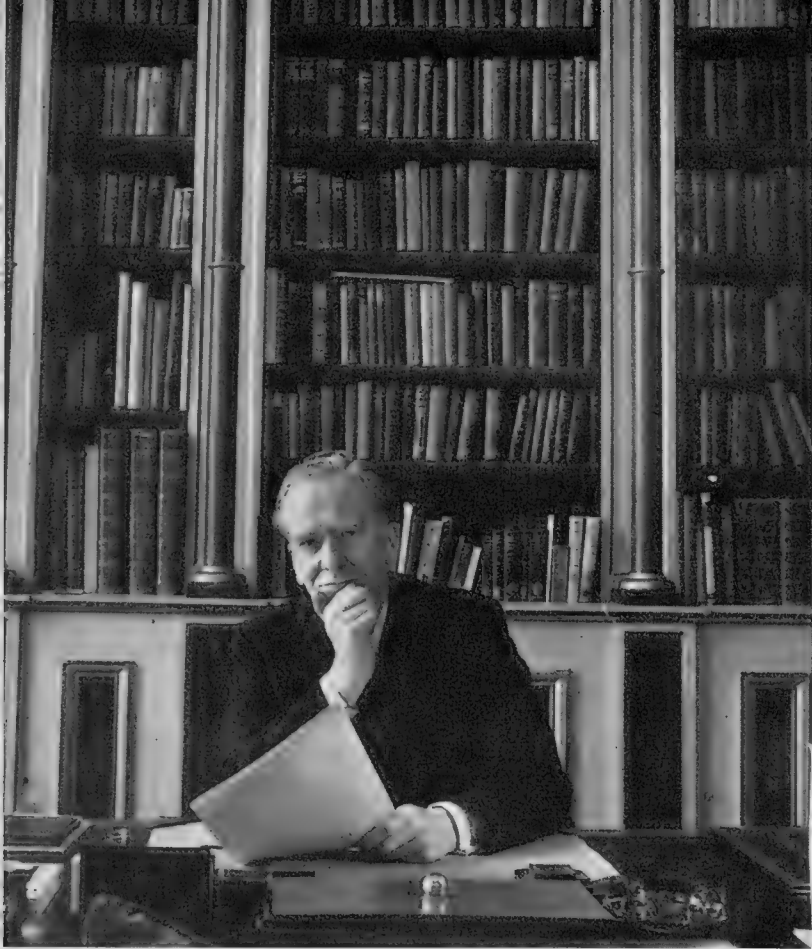


A discreet brass plaque announces the Ambassador's residence. Below: Sir Pierson and Lady Dixon with their daughter Corinna in the garden behind the Embassy showing the splendid proportions of the château

PARIS is a city of good addresses that tend to retain their cachet whatever the régime. Napoleon, whose own taste ran more to palaces—Fontainebleau, the Tuileries, even the Kremlin at one stage—also liked to see the members of the Imperial family well housed. He gave the château at 39 Faubourg St. Honoré to his sister, the mercurial Pauline, later Princess Borghese. Today's residents are Sir Pierson Dixon, British Ambassador to France, Lady Dixon and their 21-year-old daughter Corinna, a student at the Sorbonne. The Faubourg is busier than in Napoleon's day, but remains a coveted address—Cardin's salon is at 118 and Lanvin Castillo's at 22. Sir Pierson's Paris home is reckoned to be the finest and most distinguished ambassadorial residence available in the Diplomatic Service. Much of the original furnishing remains.

Lady Dixon sleeps in the four-poster bed with its decorative canopy once used by Princess Borghese. In her bedroom stands the magnificent full-length mirror that was a special gift from Napoleon. Despite frequent irascible exchanges between brother and sister, the Emperor was a frequent visitor to the château and the chances are that he checked his own cravat and boots often enough in the gleaming surface of Lady Dixon's mirror. The château was acquired by the Duke of Wellington around 1830 and later became the property of the British Government. Sir Pierson has lived there since 1960 when he succeeded Lord Gladwyn to a post that, jointly with the Ambassadorships to Washington and Moscow, ranks as a plum of the Diplomatic Service. Sir Pierson was formerly British permanent representative at the United Nations,





Sir Pierson Dixon at his desk in the Embassy library. Right: Gendarme on guard outside No. 39. Below: The Dixon family in the white and gold drawing-room





Lady Dixon and Corinna in the garden. Below right: The chef and his assistants in the kitchen



The Victoria Throne Room. Right: Napoleon's looking glass reflects the bed—both belonged to the Princess Borghese



Miss Corinna Dixon and the Ambassadorial Rolls-Royce



The Hanover carpet in the Ionic reception salon—it was originally at the British Embassy in St. Petersburg

THE ART MASTERS

An appraisal of international reputations among British painters and sculptors conducted by Robert Wraight with pictures by Ida Kar

THE PROPENSITY OF THE BRITISH FOR HIDING their lights under bushels is said to cost us millions a year in exports and an inestimable amount in prestige. We like to think it stems from a native modesty of which, paradoxically, we are secretly and often openly proud. In fact it is more likely the result of complacency and laziness. Whatever the cause, it is true that while other countries are shouting their achievements round the world we are content to mumble ours to each other, whether in the fields of technology or athletics, medicine or art.

In art it may be simply that we were for so long without any lights worth showing that even now, when we have many artists whose reputations stand high abroad, we continue from habit to behave as if we had none. Our art critics have been hypnotized for so long by the ascendancy of Paris and stunned so recently by the sensational rise of New York that the remarkable phenomenon in our midst—the rise of the first British artists since Constable and Turner to be honoured outside their own country—has been absurdly underrated.

"You Can't Write Off The British" said a headline in *The Studio* recently. But that is exactly what most of our own jargon-bound, highbrow critics do when it comes to a comparison between the art of this country and that of the principal European countries and of America. Yet we have, in Henry Moore, one of the greatest two living artists in the world and a sculptor unsurpassed since the Renaissance.

Even without Moore we are particularly strong in sculptors, a fact which, if we may judge from the amount of work exported by Chadwick, Paolozzi, Armitage and Hepworth, is more readily recognized abroad than at home. International appreciation of our leading painters is also expressed in hard cash of many different currencies. Even apart from Ben Nicholson, whose reputation abroad was already firmly established in the 1930s, we have a number of men whose names (and work) ring bells in New York and Tokyo, Paris and São Paulo.

That this is so is obviously largely due to the tremendous advances made in world communications since the War and to the increase in the number of major international art exhibitions during the same period. (It will be noted that nearly all the artists photographed here have had their work presented at the Venice Biennale, the world's best art-shop window. The importance of this may be assessed from the report, given to me by an artist friend just returned from Yugoslavia, that the only British artist known to young Yugoslav artists with whom he talked was Ceri Richards—our man in Venice this year!) What is not so obvious is why certain of our leading artists are admired in

other countries while others are ignored.

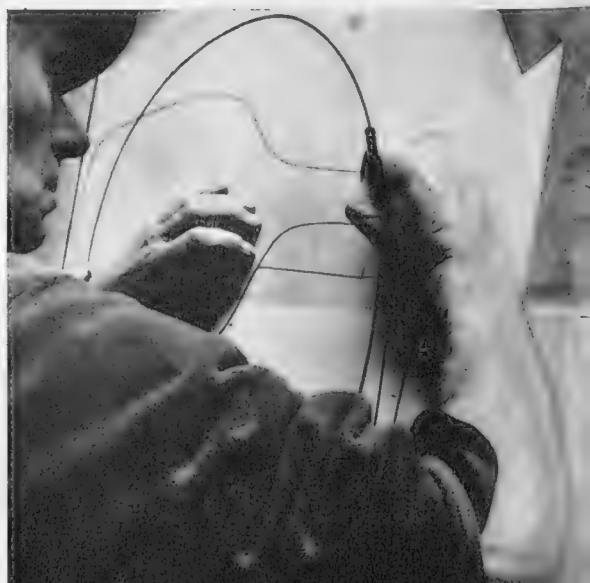
In this respect, the French critics' opinions of the big British Art Exhibition at the Louvre in 1938 are instructive. Said one: "The whole course of English painting's evolution is marked by an initial evil: it has no roots, it was not born but manufactured." Another: "It is a curious fact that every time an English artist has tried to escape from his insularity he has ended in disaster." And a third: "It is only with Turner and Constable that English art acquires real originality and a character of its own." Finally, writing of the Johns, Sickerts and Steers that were the most recent things in the show, a fourth said: "Contemporary England shows us no more than we can see in most European art today—distinctly less originality."

All these statements, it will be noted, imply that the one essential characteristic sought in painting emanating from England was "Englishness." The French did not want English painting that imitated French painting or, for that matter, any other sort of "national" painting. And this is undoubtedly still true today, not only of Frenchmen but also of Americans, Italians, Argentinians, Japanese or what have you.

In recent years the vastly increased exchange of ideas between artists of different countries has given rise to a lot of talk about an "international style" of painting, but no such style exists, nor is it likely to exist in the foreseeable future, because deeply rooted national and racial characteristics persist in the work of the genuine artist however much he may absorb "foreign" influences. The true artist cannot escape his ancestry. It will show, however subtly, in his work, whether he takes his inspiration from Cubism, Surrealism, Action Painting, Byzantine mosaics or Chinese scroll painting.

This is not to say that to earn an "international reputation" a British artist must be insular. (Many examples could be cited to show that the opposite is true.) But while sharing common ground with artists of many other nations, he will still have such instinctive ties with his own country as will imbue his work with an element of strangeness, mystery or just "differentness" for people of other nations.

Two (oversimplified) examples of this are the element of purity (sometimes called "chastity" and "Puritanism") in the "cubism" of Ben Nicholson, and that of Celtic imagery that dominates all the exotic influences to be found in the American-sized, Picasso-precise paintings of Alan Davie. These, and comparable elements in the work of such painters as Sutherland and William Scott and such sculptors as Hepworth and Butler, will endure as long as the artists' powers endure.



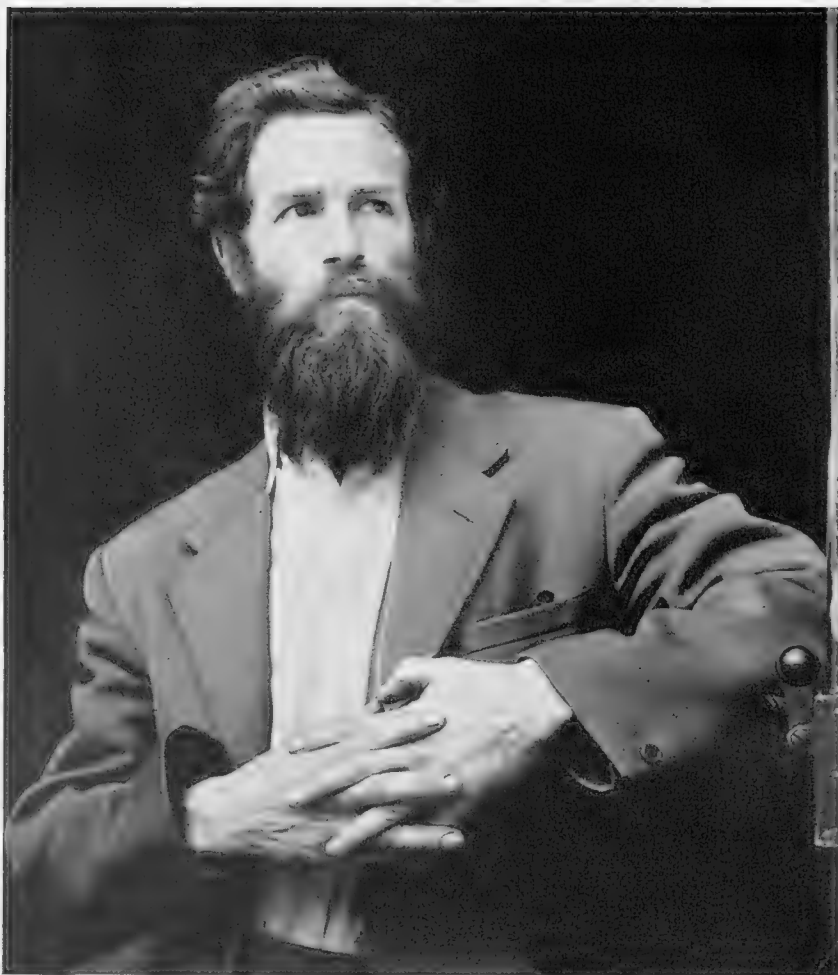


BEN NICHOLSON (left), son of the painter Sir William Nicholson, was born at Denham in 1894, studied at the Slade for one term. In 1934 he produced the first of the all-white abstract geometric reliefs that were his first important contribution to the history of abstract art. Nicholson became a close friend of Piet Mondrian, but retained his own unique sensibility despite the Dutch master-abstractionist's influence. He has had numerous one-man shows all over the world, a retrospective exhibition at the Venice Biennale, 1954 and, during the following year, in Amsterdam, Zürich, Brussels, London (Tate) and in Paris, where critic Michel Seuphor wrote: "Here at last is an English painter of universal significance." Prices of his work have recently rocketed in salerooms. Nicholson lives now in Switzerland

HENRY MOORE, now 64, has established so great a reputation abroad that even the British public now acknowledge his genius. The greatest sculptor this country has ever produced, Moore is also, without a doubt, the greatest in the world today. He trained first to be a schoolteacher but after World War One became a student at Leeds College of Art on an ex-Serviceman's grant. Later, at the Royal College of Art, Moore won a travelling scholarship that took him to Paris, Rome, Florence, Venice and Ravenna. First one-man show and first commission (for the Underground Building, St. James's Park) in 1928. He won the Sculpture Prize at the Venice Biennale, 1948, and at the Sao Paulo Biennale, 1954, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, 1958, and the Tokyo International Exhibition, 1959. Moore has undoubtedly created a new language as far-reaching in its influence on sculpture as the discoveries of Picasso on painting

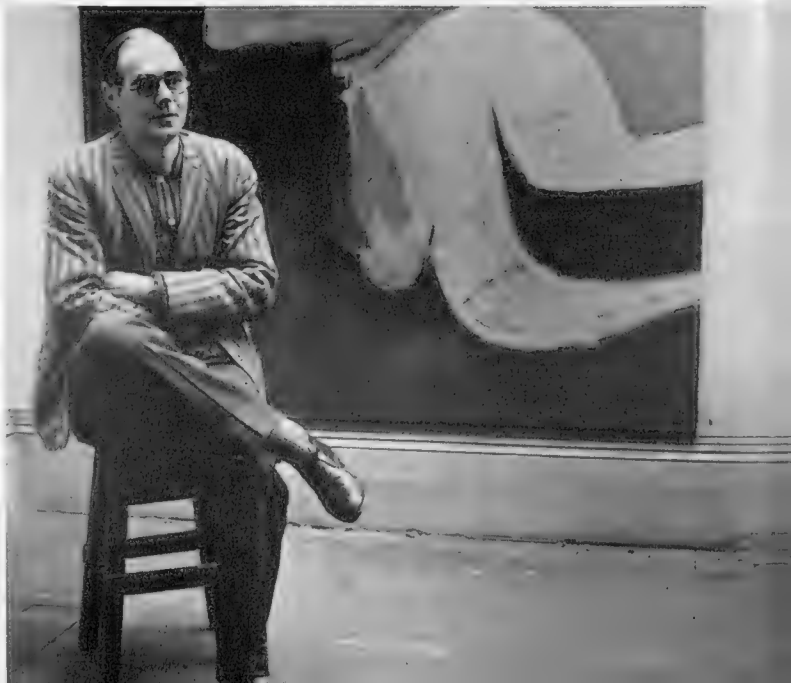
VICTOR PASMORE (below, right) was born at Chelsham, Surrey, in 1908, and spent his childhood in the country. He came to London in 1927 and worked for the L.C.C. while studying painting at evening classes. Pasmore made his name as an "English Impressionist" of distinction, but flirted briefly with abstract painting in the early 1930s. In 1946 he completely abandoned his impressionist manner in favour of abstraction and constructivism. His conversion, according to Sir Herbert Read, is "the most revolutionary event in post-war British art." In 1954 Pasmore was appointed Master of Painting at Durham, in 1960 he represented Britain in Venice

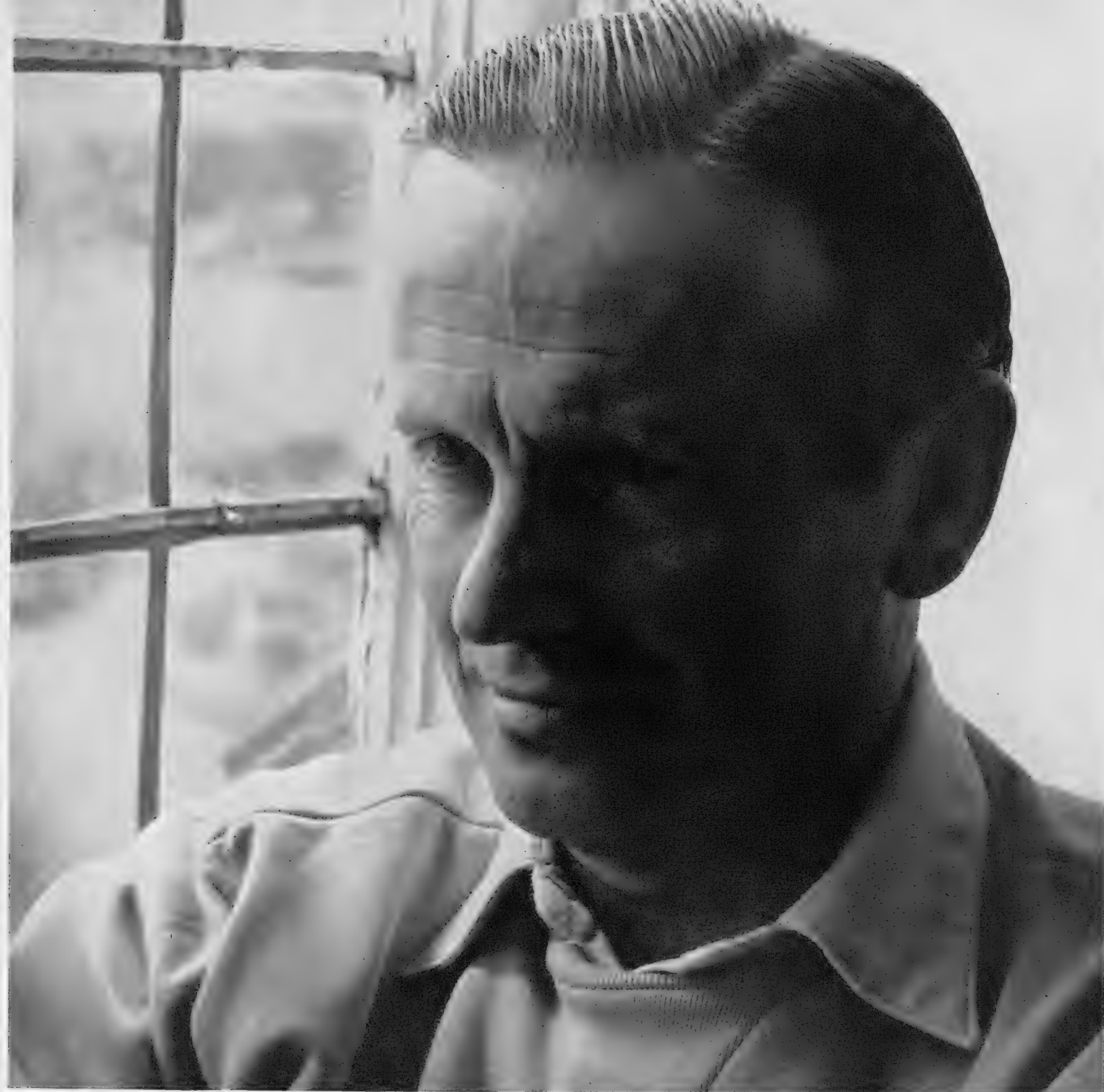
WILLIAM SCOTT (right) was born in Greenock in 1913. He studied at the Royal Academy Schools, and travelled in Italy and France before the War. Scott now lives and works in Chelsea. His work is in public galleries in U.S.A., Canada, Australia, Brazil, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy and Austria, as well as in this country, and he has had 16 one-man shows abroad during the last decade. Distinguished first as a still-life painter, he now paints what may be called "soft-edge" abstractions that derive from the still-lives. Scott's work is also in a tradition that goes back through Bonnard, Braque, Cézanne and Chardin to the Italian Primitives and earlier sources



ALAN DAVIE (above), 41-year-old son of a Scots painter and etcher, studied at Edinburgh College of Art, where he preferred making ceramics and jewellery to painting. His first abstract pictures were painted in 1945 and he had his first one-man show in Edinburgh in 1946. Davie abandoned painting and became a professional jazz musician for one year in 1947. His return to painting was inspired by travel in Europe and encounters with the work of Pollock and other American painters in Italy. His work is a synthesis of innumerable influences—from music to medieval mosaics, from Celtic symbolism to Zen Buddhism, from sea-diving to gliding (his two recreations)—on which he imposes a unique vision. His work has been shown widely abroad, is at present at the Seattle World's Fair

ROGER HILTON, 51 (right), was a student at the Slade School, where he won a Slade scholarship and an Orpen Bursary, and at the Académie Ranson, Paris, where he worked under Bissière. A Londoner, Hilton had his first one-man show, in the capital, in 1936. He has since exhibited in many European cities as well as in America, Russia, Mexico, Tunisia. He represented Britain at the Tokyo Biennale last year. Hilton established himself as a leading British abstract painter in the early 1950s, when he was preoccupied with the element of space in painting. Has recently developed to a point where, he says, "Abstraction itself is nothing. It is only a step towards a new sort of figuration, that is one which is more true"





GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, most widely known of British serious painters, is 59. He divides his time between homes and studios at Trottiscliffe, Kent, and at Menton. After an early success as etcher and engraver, Sutherland began to paint when he was 27. A visit to Pembrokeshire in 1936 precipitated the individual style through which, as he put it, he "paraphrased Nature." He had his first one-man show of paintings, in London, in 1938; became an official War Artist in 1941. In 1952 a retrospective exhibition won him a prize at the Venice Biennale and was then shown in Paris. In 1953, the year he was commissioned to design the Coventry tapestry, he had a retrospective exhibition at the Tate, as Coronation Year artist, and in New York, Amsterdam, Zürich, and cities throughout Canada and the U.S.A.



BARBARA HEPWORTH, 59 (above), is generally acknowledged as the world's top woman sculptor. Like Henry Moore, she was born in Leeds and went to the College of Art there. They became friends and their early careers followed similar lines. Twice married—to artists John Skeaping and Ben Nicholson—Miss Hepworth has lived since 1939 in St. Ives, where her workshop is the former palais de danse. She has exhibited abroad regularly since 1938, had a retrospective show at Venice Biennale, 1950, and won the Grand Prix at Sao Paulo Biennale, 1959. Distinguished particularly for her immaculate carvings in stone and wood, Miss Hepworth in recent years has worked increasingly in bronze



REG BUTLER (left), born in 1913 at Buntingford, Herts, began to make sculpture at seven but did not become a full-time sculptor until 1950, when he gave up practice as an architect and technologist. Butler became internationally known in 1953 when he won the Unknown Political Prisoner sculpture competition with a design for a 300-ft.-high memorial. Plans to carry out the memorial on a site in Germany have now faded, but following this success Butler has exhibited in New York, Rotterdam, Berlin, Düsseldorf and a score of other cities in Europe, U.S.A., Canada, Australia. He lives at Berkhamsted, Herts. Is now creating box-like sculptures in bronze unlike any of his earlier work



KENNETH ARMITAGE, 45 (above), is yet another of the distinguished Yorkshire-born sculptors—among them Moore and Hepworth—who began their training at Leeds College of Art. Between 1937 and 1939 he was at the Slade. After serving with the Army during the war Armitage taught sculpture at the Bath Academy and, later, succeeded Reg Butler as Gregory Fellow in Sculpture at Leeds University. He was included in Recent Sculpture exhibition at Venice Biennale, 1952, the year in which he also had his first one-man show. Recently completed a gilded Sun for the central façade of the Château Mouton Rothschild, near Bordeaux. Armitage works in a number of different styles in bronze, had one-man shows earlier this year in London and New York



LYNN CHADWICK (below), born in London in 1914, trained as an architectural draughtsman but is self-taught as a sculptor. Chadwick first exhibited in 1948, soon attracted critical attention with mobiles and welded-metal images. Rapid development ensured him a place in exhibition Recent Sculpture at 1952 Venice Biennale. In 1956 his efforts were crowned with the Biennale's International Sculpture Prize. Since then he has had shows in Vienna, Munich, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, New York, Zurich and Sao Paulo. His recent work suggests that he is in danger of becoming repetitious and too consciously stylized. Chadwick lives in Gloucestershire



EDUARDO PAOLOZZI (left) was born in Edinburgh of Italian parents 38 years ago. "I'm a Common Market man," he says. He worked in Paris for three years but left "with tail between legs." Paolozzi's first one-man show, in London, established him overnight as an "original" and a pioneer of the open construction and rough texture that later became dominant features of so much British sculpture. More recently he has employed "assemblage" technique to produce surrealistic machine-figures whose surfaces appear to be made up of scrap metal—nuts, bolts, cogwheels, etc. He represented Britain at Venice Biennale of 1960. Sells most of his work abroad, especially in U.S.



FRANCIS BACON, 52, was recently described by Sir John Rothenstein as "one of the most formidable painters to have emerged anywhere since the War." And "formidable" is the right word for his staggeringly horrific art. Bacon had only one year's formal education in his life. As an artist he is self-taught, though encouraged and influenced by

Graham Sutherland in the 1930s. He exhibited in the UNESCO exhibition, Paris, 1946, and later represented Britain at Venice Biennale, 1954. Bacon is said to be the only British painter who influences British art students, and to arouse more interest abroad than any other. He lives in London

DANIEL FARSON

Music music music . . .

COUNTERSPY

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



The sound of music rings through the shop of S. F. Sunley, 81 George Street, W.1, where all the tinkling tunes of the past recharm . . . waxen-faced dolls pirouette on a small table, an amber silk-clad acrobat performs delicate balancing tricks, musical chairs are note-perfect. Many are collectors' pieces, but items like the ormolu inkstand (*above*) are relatively acquirable. The opening of either inkwell releases a silvery quantity of the *Merry Widow* waltz alternating with bars of the Toreador bit from *Carmen*, wings of the fluttering butterflies beat an accompaniment:

25 gns. worth of fascination. Here, too, are modern pieces like the gilt 8-day bracket clock which chimes a musical hour: £7 15s. Asprey always have a running collection of the smaller antiquities like this devastating George III silver-gilt musical box complete with curly key. The notes are pure flutey Georgiana: £95

Galts of Great Marlborough Street have a hurdy-gurdy type of wooden musical box from Thorens of Switzerland which chimes out childish tunes like "Old King Cole". 23s. 6d., on sale next month

Making for Ed in the Med

Lord Kilbracken

DATELINE: MONACO. *On Board Sea Diver*: I was glad that it happened to be on the greyest of all the grey days this month, with the rain lashing bleakly on vapid Victoria Station, that I departed at last on the voyage of metamorphosis from the metropolis to the Midi. It was all the more satisfying, on finally arriving beneath this peacock sky, to remember how unpleasant it had been so recently in London. The delightful contrast would have been all the more noticeable if I'd flown, but I'd decided, this time, in favour of train and boat. No seat could be guaranteed, I found, on any flight to Paris, where I had to spend a day *en route*, and I didn't feel inclined to take the chance of being waitlisted because I don't like flying anyway (as I believe I've mentioned before). So I departed Doverwards in the inevitable antique Pullman, with the inevitable antique tea-cake soon placed before me, and watched with a glad heart as the dark torrents descended on the orchards and hop gardens of pluvial Kent.

At Dover, I report, we boarded the boat approximately three times more quickly than at nightmare Holyhead on my way to Ireland a week previously, though there were now just as many passengers and, on this occasion, we had to have our passports inspected. It was just as well that we moved aboard with reasonable dispatch because the roof at Dover Station is extremely like a colander, and streams of water splashed around us as we progressed damply along the platform to the gangway. But an oyster sky greeted us as we rolled towards France; the rain ended in exact mid-Channel (thus proving it was English rain) and then, after we had safely been transferred to the waiting *rapide*, yellow sunshine successfully pierced the clouds as we rattled towards Paris through the poplars and cornfields. A lengthy and immensely expensive dinner as twilight

sped by us; almost before we knew it, we were at the starlit Gare du Nord, then taxi-ing at midnight through the still-alive streets where shirt-sleeved men and girls in summer frocks still dallied on the terraces of the brightly lit cafés.

Next day was blue-and-white with a feckless, flirtatious wind to fleck the waters of the Seine; it was more like spring than summer. I had dozens of people to see on diver's matters (the apostrophe in *diver's* is intentional and grammatical), and spent the whole day whizzing back and forth across Paris on a series of vital *rendezvous*, only finding time for a swift omelet and salad, with *un demi rosé* and good strong coffee at a favourite *bistro* in the early afternoon. Paris seemed almost virginal (but not quite) after the monumental springclean which has been going on, I found, in the course of the last year or so. The Chambre des Députés itself is now nearly as white as snow, and many other public buildings have had the same detergent treatment.

I had made no reservation on any night train to the South, not knowing how late or early I would be through with my Paris commitments and thus able to depart. On arriving eventually at the Gare de Lyon, which seemed to have been turned into a large refugee camp for Algerians and *pieds-noirs*, I discovered that a train was actually on the point of departure in the direction I desired. I joyfully leapt aboard just as it began moving, only to discover that it was bursting at the seams with almost every square centimetre of the corridor occupied. Or so it seemed, and black visions of a sleepless night rose before me; but with infinite patience and a thousand *excusez-mois* I worked my way to the foremost carriage, where, by great good fortune, I found a second-class *couche*. The French order these matters with admirable abandon: I was sharing it, I discovered, with a very

pretty Vietnamese girl, a young French unmarried couple, a plump German *Hausfrau* and her 12-year-old daughter (all round cheeks and blonde pigtailed). I looked forward, I must say, to some interesting conversation, but all, unfortunately, were fast asleep by the time I returned from dinner.

There is a moment of trepidation on every such trip to the South: it comes when one first tentatively pulls aside the curtain, sleepily hoping to see outside the already brilliant sky—and, with any luck, the blue Mediterranean itself. There is always the awful fear—and I have known it happen rather more often than I deserve—that the worst will have happened and a Mistral will be blowing, with an overcast sky and the great fields of sunflowers (if one is still in that region) unhappily billowing in the unwanted wind. No bathing for days or weeks, no lying in the sun; one can hardly feel more cheated. This time, I somehow slept through Avignon and even Marseilles, though I half awoke as usual from the customary strange train-dreams at rattling unknown moments in the night, pig-tails perceived vaguely through the deep gloom of the department. The first time I ventured to peep through the curtains, we were magically approaching Toulon. The early sun was already gleaming from an Eton blue sky, and there wasn't a whisper of wind.

A *café-complét* on the train as we chugged along placidly between Cannes and Nice; before 9 a.m. we were pulling into Monaco. I gratefully descended and made my way to the port, and along the cobbled quay to the American vessel I was seeking, noticeable at once for the strange silvery cylinder—large enough to hold a man, to wit, Mr. Edwin Link—which was stowed on her afterdeck. "Ahoy in *Sea Diver*," I shouted. "Is the skipper aboard?" and a few moments later, I was shaking hands with Ed.

PARIS REVAMPS VAMPS

Find what the girls of the 'Thirties were having and tell them we'll have the same. That's the essence of Paris this season and to prove it our girl of the 'Sixties whirls around the city in fashion evocative of the lissom 'Thirties.

We looked back in languor and saw... the suit with militant shoulder and longer jacket, hooded coats involved with fur, the little dinner dresses in spangled wool and inky crepe. We caught a glimpse of velvet and moiré, opossum and lynx, and we loved the great comeback of evening birds. In flight: osprey, ostrich, gleaming coq feathers and maribou.

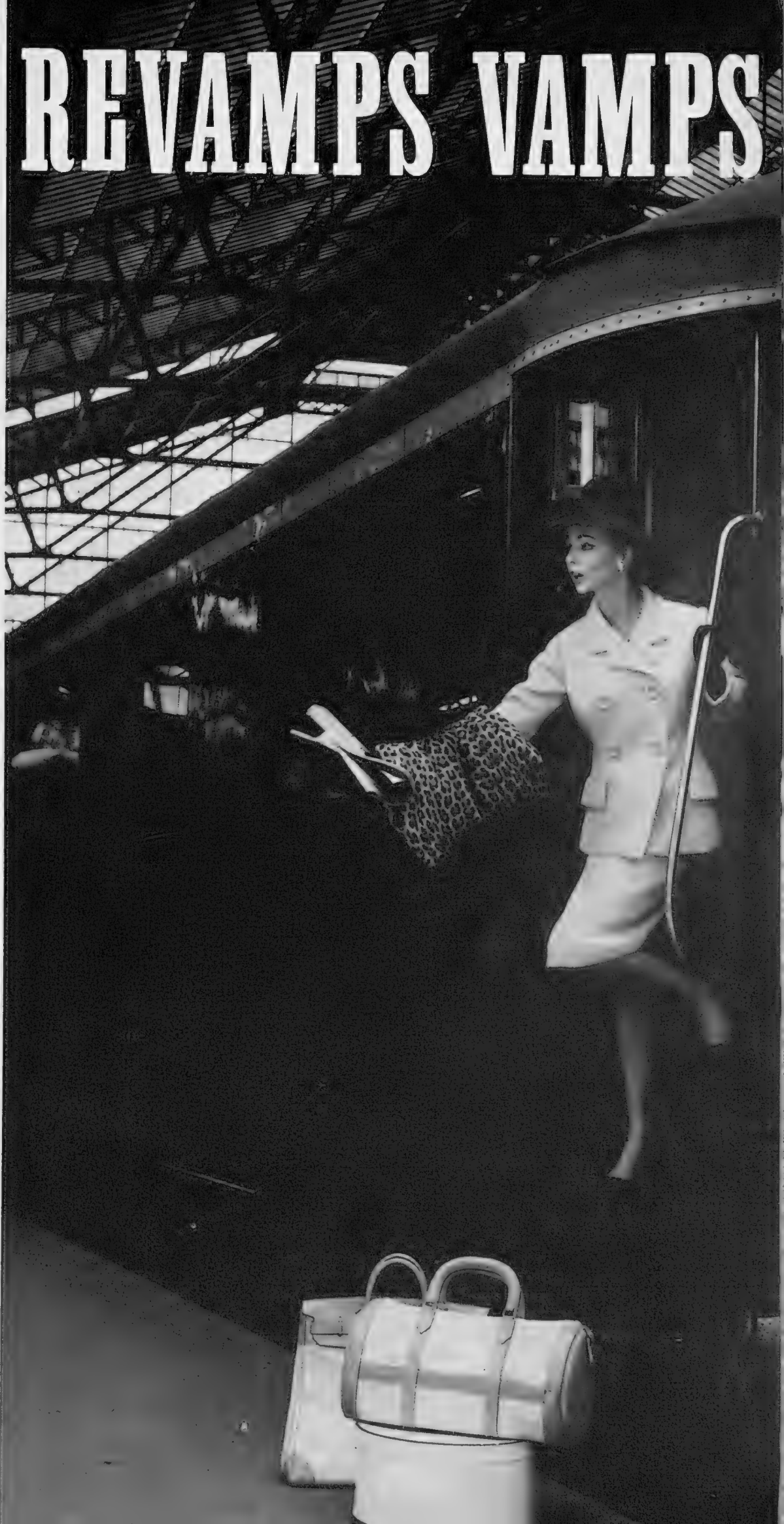
Now the backward glance becomes the forward look for fashion from now until spring.

Elizabeth Dickson reports.

Johnny Moncada photographs.

Next week Collections Portfolio presents more news from Paris.

BALMAIN. Great arrival suit in loosely woven white wool, the hemline a little lower and the long jacket with set shoulders. Very important passenger details: black slouch hat and ocelot muff. Leather and canvas luggage by HERMES







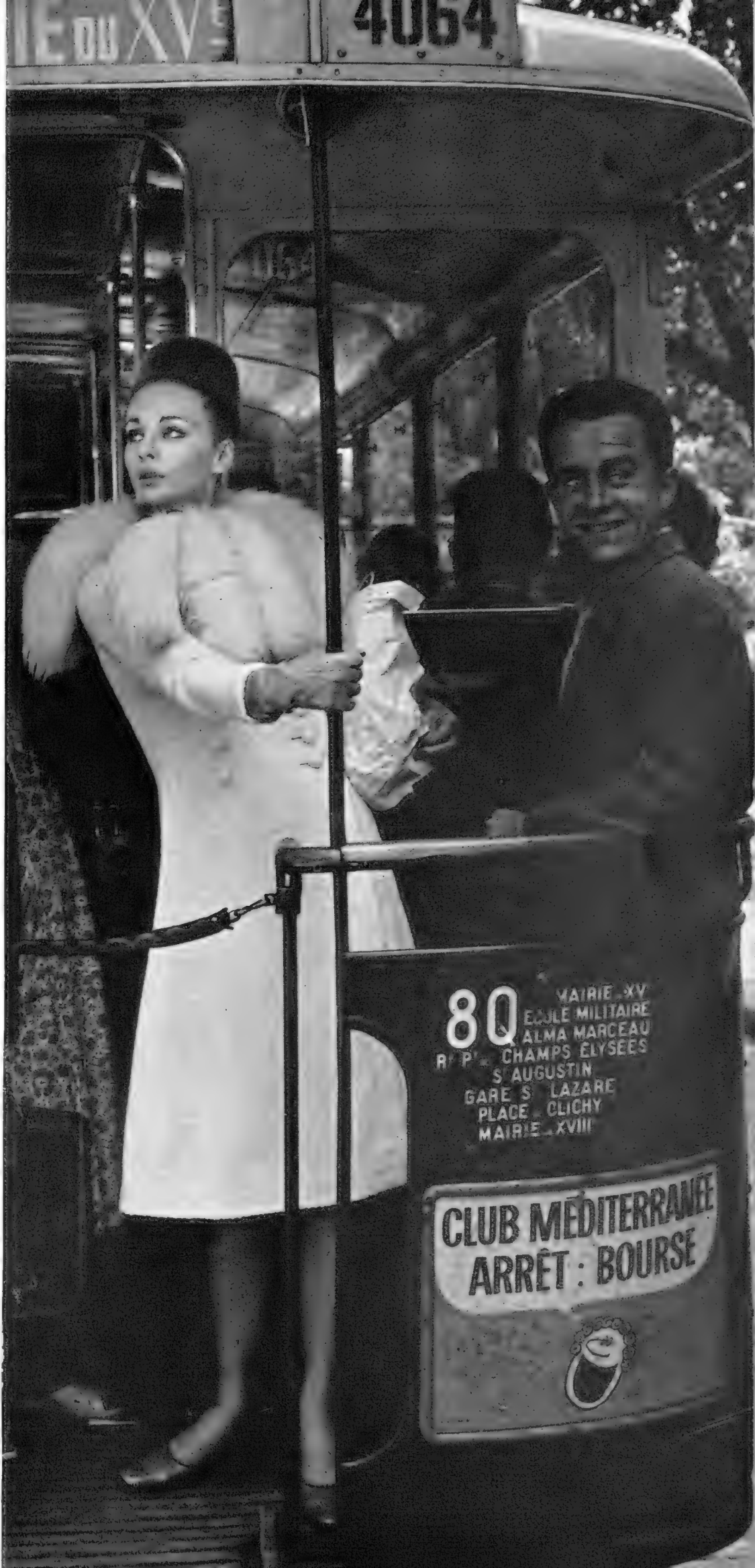
Simonetta Fabiani. Highwayman coat with cloak and dagger atmosphere in brilliant saffron wool and mohair. Huge shawl collar, half-belt slung across the back and two slit pockets. Worn with chocolate brown velvet bowler



Philippe Venet. Superb formality for coat dressing in marigold wool with low, dropped shoulders to show off the full sleeves, horizontal seaming to accentuate the gentle flare of the cut. Under the coat: lissom black wool dress with raised waist. Nonsense hat in bouffant black ostrich feathers



Pierre Cardin. Bold strokes of fox collar for a slender, shapely white wool coat that slides against the figure. Self-covered buttons are small, neat. Stark little pillbox hat in brown velvet







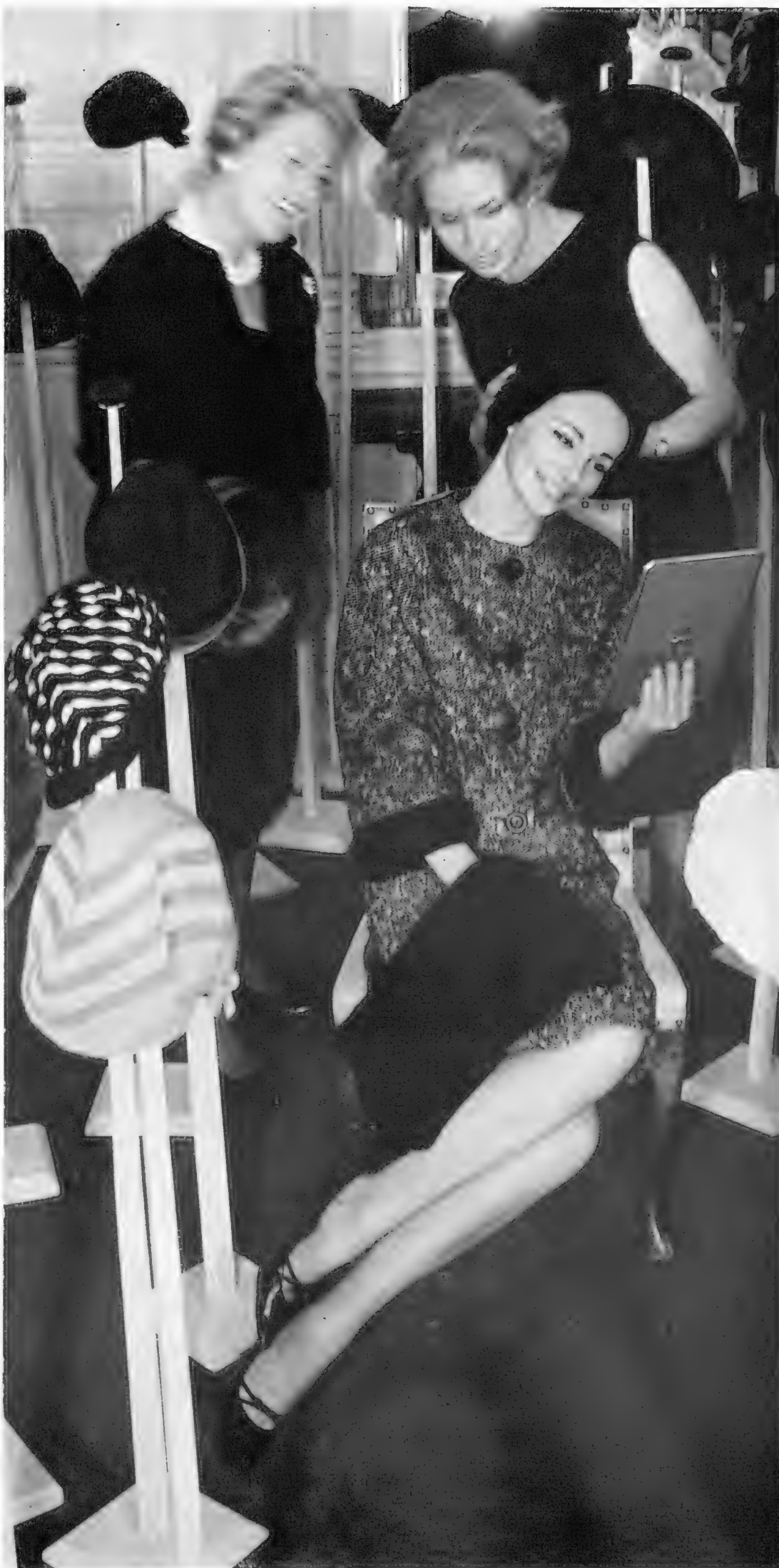
Lanvin Castillo. Straight, scintillating coat in stencilled ponyskin with little collar, neat side-slits at the hem-line. Lining in scarlet jersey. Black jersey cloche worn with a rose. Crocodile purse: Hermès. Coat: Debenham & Freebody



Capucci. Domino game with geometrics for a suit investment. In black wool with a black and white check satin bowler. More satin, striped vertically, for the blouse to wear under the suit



Jacques Heim. Black and white speckled suit plus a swathe of black mink to wear as a voluminous collar or sumptuous muff. Cuffs in mink, longer jacket line. Setting: browsing amongst the new collection of hats at Paulette







Hair-do of the season. The line to follow every evening from now until next spring created specially for this feature by Aldo Bruno



Christian Dior. Beautiful spy garb—the hooded evening dress, the fur-lined coat. Short slender dress in taupe brown chiffon, the hood drops to form a low cowl back. Dusky blue suède coat with scalloped edge and hemline, trimmed and lined in nutria



Pierre Cardin. The great crêpe shape (above and right) for little evenings. Shoestring-strap slip of a dress cut slender as a petticoat, given a vampish sophistication. In frosted ice blue with a stole trimmed in matching ostrich





Christian Dior. Dawns are best seen in after dancing the night through in a romantic ballgown. Tunic development here with shoestring straps of crystal, the material pale pink tulle embroidered with crystal and beads. Coiffure, Aldo Bruno

SUPERMAN

GOOD LOOKS
BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



BARRY WARNER

Drowsy shavers are waking up to the fact that the artillery of handsome products for men can make a sleepy skin come alive at the turn of a bottle's cap. And the bottles and jars full of good looks and promises of tingling freshness are quietly slipping into the daily life of the average Englishman. . . . Supermen go for the handsome Hermès bottle of Eau d'Hermès (buy it here from their shop in Jermyn Street) which has a bow-tie of suede on the most elegant bottle of all time: £6 14s. Supermen like to splash on the cool, astringent Green Water by Fath after shaving. The pack shown here is in a leather case for suitcase life: £5 12s. 6d.

Supermen love the crisp, fresh-morning feel of Chanel's Pour Monsieur products. Many men about town and country who used to buy

a bottle or two in France can now buy it here. Lotion Faciale and the Eau de Cologne are sold in nice, chunky glass bottles, the talc in a squeeze container like a milk bottle: available as a travelling pack for the Lotion Faciale too. Pour Monsieur is well priced for such an exclusive product: Eau de Cologne: 17s. 6d. & 30s., Lotion Faciale: 15s. & 25s., Talc Pour Monsieur: 15s.

Supermen are addicted to the scent of Marcel Rochas' Moustache Eau de Cologne (£1 3s.) which is a subtle blend of spices, aromatic roots, fruit with hints of leafy-woods and lemons. Supermen tend to like a touch of something unsticky on their hair. Yardley make two superlight versions of Hair Control which include anti-dandruff, conditioning and moisturizing agents. Three sorts of packaging:

Hair Control Lotion in a bottle: 7s. 4d., Cream in a jar: 4s. 11d., and in a tube: 3s. 11d. Small prices to pay for good looking hair.

Supermen are sure to take to Lenthéric's new Onyx range which is plus-packaged in Onyx-like containers. The scent theme that runs through Onyx is a citrus freshness linked with those woody and leathery notes that Supermen like. Pre-Shaving Lotion is specially good because it makes electric shaving super efficient by angling the beard correctly: 12s. 6d. Use After Shave afterwards. The Men's Bath Talc in the picture costs 9s. 11d. Supermen sing in the morning who use Lanvin's Eau de Lanvin—a stinging blast of freshness which is guaranteed to wake up the sleepest shaver.

BOOK & GLOVES: NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB

VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

THE PREMISE COMEDY THEATRE (JOAN DARLING, JAMES FRAWLEY, THOMAS ALDREDGE, THEODORE J. FLICKER)

Knowing the form

IN A WET SUMMER MANY ENTERTAINMENTS THAT normally and happily thrive outdoors have to creep under shelter, together with their audiences. And the kind of show which especially depends on people joining in—they call it Audience Participation nowadays—and which took the form of beach concerts and, even farther back, pierrot troupes, is now presented, wet or fine, in comfortable theatres. Another change, whatever the weather, is that music has practically disappeared from them (the straw-hatted tenor is *really* a creature of the past). Yet another development is that brittle sophistication is the order of the day. Given these altered circumstances, a good stage frolic of the kind is not only possible but beginning to prove popular as a form. The newest of the species is provided by a bright American company under the title of *The Premise*.

On a bare stage enlivened only by gaily coloured swing doors and furnished, on occasion, only by an equally vivid set of wooden boxes on the principle of children's blocks, three men and a girl perform a series of sketches which, at the best, are droll and many of which are sparked off by a suggestion—of setting, of period or of character—from a member of the audience. Impromptu is the basis of the entertainment and its measure of success must lie in the quick wits and versatility of the company. Fortunately there is no lack of either quality here and they achieve prodigies of improvisation on what are sometimes the thinnest of themes.

There are no adventitious aids in the way of costume or even "props," all of which are suggested by a gesture or an attitude, and scene changing is effected simply by a series of exits and entrances. In their neat lounge suits or shirt sleeves and, in Miss Joan Darling's case, in a stark but becoming black dress, the actors project impressions of politicians, neurotics, prisoners, tourists, playboys and even armadillos. On another evening their repertoire would be different and possibly even more diverse.

Of course, in any revue (for want of a more exact word) in which the audience proposes and the company disposes, the evening must have its ups and downs and there were moments when I thought that the companies now playing in New York and Washington would be having a far better time of it, so comfortably set within their own American frames of reference and



There's a bull at large—or is there? Phyllida Law, the housemaid, with Ronald Fraser and Peter Bowles as the proprietors of an Irish mansion in Sean O'Casey's play Purple Dust at the Mermaid Theatre

not being obliged to grapple with impersonations of such English worthies as Robin Hood (though this was one of the funniest of the sketches in the hands of Mr. James Frawley and Mr. Thomas Aldredge), or our present Prime Minister. By the same token, some of the prepared sketches, by which I mean rehearsed rather than lacking in spontaneity, demand an understanding of the topical American scene which not all of us possess. The C.I.A., for instance, a U.S. Government Intelligence department not all U.S. citizens view with respect and not all English people, by any means, are familiar with, was the subject of a lively lampoon which would have been all the more enjoyable if we had known exactly what the form was.

But this kind of topographical obscurity was not the rule and the two versions, 1943 and 1962, of the war film concerning Nazi officers and French spies had a satirical implication which the man least versed in current affairs could appreciate. Again, the

"Method" school of stage training may not, perhaps luckily, be common knowledge to us here but anyone could enjoy the absurdities of the scene in which a driving instructor, Mr. Aldredge, gives a lesson to a girl so trained, and is thrown into a frenzy of frustration by her insistence on creating the proper atmosphere, relaxing by doing some perilous neck bends and finally imaging herself into a car smash. Miss Darling did this superbly. In fact, I'm not sure that she wasn't as fine in the part of the intense young woman as she was as an armadillo.

The programme, divided into halves of General Nonsense and Topical Nonsense, is announced throughout by the cast. In the event, much of the announcing is most capably done by Mr. Theodore J. Flicker, an impressive black-bearded figure at least as versatile as his colleagues and well able to withstand their frequent, if wordless, barracking. Altogether a stimulating show even if not wholly at ease so far from home.

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

TERM OF TRIAL (LAURENCE OLIVIER, SIMONE SIGNORET, SARAH MILES, TERENCE STAMP) (DIRECTED BY PETER GLENVILLE) **THE LOUDEST WHISPER** (AUDREY HEPBURN, SHIRLEY MACLAINE, JAMES GARNER, FAY BAINTER, MIRIAM HOPKINS, KAREN BALKIN) (DIRECTED BY WILLIAM WYLER) **TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN** (EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KIRK DOUGLAS, CYD CHARISSE, GEORGE HAMILTON) (DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI)

More Sago than Rice

AT THE HEART OF **Term Of Trial**—AND AS unexpected as a bitter almond concealed in the sugar breast of a confectionary bride—lies a decidedly cynical anecdote. A weak but kindly schoolmaster, unhappy in his work and in his marriage, sneered at by his pupils for his high principles and despised by his wife for his lack of guts, is charged with indecently assaulting a 15-year-old girl to whom he has been giving private coaching in English. The moment he is found guilty, the wretched girl tearfully confesses to the court that her accusation was completely false: it was brought simply to humiliate him, because he had rejected her advances. The case is dismissed.

School becomes a happier place for the schoolmaster—and home more miserable. His pupils, convinced that he was guilty as charged, admire him for having "got away with it"; his wife, certain and contemptuous of his innocence, prepares to leave him. To save his marriage, he lies to her: he *did*, he tells her, eyeing her hopefully, commit the offence—the girl's accusation was fully justified. The wife regards him with a new respect. "You're a rotten hypocrite, but at least you're less of a mouse than I thought," she says, unpacking her bags: since her husband is capable of adultery she is willing to continue with him in the state of holy matrimony.

Well, O.K., O.K.! That's a pretty good, if slightly "sick" joke—or could be if crisply told by a thoroughly worldly raconteur—but Mr. Peter Glenville, the scriptwriter and director, takes 130 solemn minutes to make the ironic point which could better have been made in a brisk hour-and-a-half. He is a sensitive and imaginative director (as we know from *The Prisoner*), but his lead-up to the punch-line is so long and laborious that one begins to fear he has forgotten what it is. He explores irrelevant situations (the schoolmaster's relationship with the bright small boy who nearly kills himself adds up to nothing in the final equation)—he examines the streets of a tough North Country town without ever quite capturing their grim and corrosive atmosphere. (There is none of the relentless realism of, say, *A Kind Of Loving* or *Saturday Night And Sunday Morning*.)

When Sir Laurence Olivier goes seedy on us, he goes the whole hog. He plays the schoolmaster as if he were a remote, less robust member of the Rice family (a Sago, perhaps), and makes the man so ineffectual in the classroom and so servile in the bedroom that one could hit him. That he could ever be considered for an assistant headmastership when he knows so little about adolescents is quite unthinkable. I can't exactly describe Sir Laurence's per-



Screaming for help, Lynn Taylor in an early sequence of Life For Ruth, a film opening in London tomorrow. It tells of the struggle between two men over the little girl's life as her father (Michael Craig) is prevented by religious principles from allowing his child a blood transfusion

formance a *tour de force* (a *tour de faiblesse* or *d'épuissance*, if such expressions exist, would be more appropriate) yet, irritating as I found it, it is undeniably a virtuoso job.

Mlle. Simone Signoret, as his bored wife, has little to do but slouch around looking rather lumpish: she smoulders sullenly from time to time and spits out most of her lines as if she hates the taste of them—and I think she's wasted here. Miss Sarah Miles, a 19-year-old newcomer who can pass for four years younger, plays the infatuated schoolgirl very fetchingly—passing persuasively from the simple "crush on teacher" phase to an intensifying ardour, the rather pitiful impassioned pass and the "Hell-hath-no-fury" fireworks which follow when she is rebuffed. Mr. Terence Stamp is so darn' natural as an insolent teenage thug that you probably won't realize what an excellent actor he is until you see him in the exacting and totally different title role of *Billy Budd*: take it from me, he has that indefinable something—star quality.

Miss Lillian Hellman's play, *Children's Hour*, comes up (for the second time, I think I'm right in saying) as a well-acted film—**The Loudest Whisper**—and I'm bound to say it seemed to me a little dated and considerably less agonizing than it was somewhere between the two world wars, when its subject (even though you might have read *The Well Of Loneliness*) was not considered quite suitable for open discussion.

The Misses Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine are the proprietors of a small private school which is just beginning to pay. Miss Hepburn is engaged to a handsome young doctor, Mr. James Garner, and though she assured her partner that she will still continue her work at the school after she is married, Miss MacLaine clearly feels that things will never be the same again: her maddening aunt, Miss Miriam

Hopkins, accuses her of cherishing an "unnatural" affection for Miss Hepburn—their resultant row is overheard by some beastly little girls, and one of them (a Miss Karen Balkin, who will grow up to be Mr. Charles Laughton's female counterpart if she's not jolly careful), maliciously carries the gossip to her grandmother (Miss Fay Bainter), freely embroidering it out of her own horrid little mind.

Miss Bainter (giving the best performance in the picture), never dreaming that the child is lying, induces all parents and guardians concerned to remove their little girls from the school. Miss Hepburn and Miss MacLaine lose the much-publicised libel action they bring against Miss Bainter and are ruined. It is here that the partners struck me as becoming gluttons for unnecessary punishment. Even though Miss Bainter discovers her error and seeks, in all humility, to make amends, they continue to torture themselves and each other: Miss Hepburn, for no reason that I could understand, breaks with Mr. Garner—and Miss MacLaine, suspecting that she might indeed have Lesbian tendencies, commits suicide. Yes, of course it's tragic—but somehow one feels a little impatient with the two young women who take to the slough of despair like ducks to water.

If you want to see how those whacking great epics are (or possibly are not) made in Rome, do take a look at **Two Weeks In Another Town**—in which a washed-up Hollywood star (Mr. Kirk Douglas) is summoned from his Hollywood mental home to the Eternal City to help a tottering director (Mr. Edward G. Robinson) finish his latest picture, starring a drunken American youth (Mr. George Hamilton) and a beautiful Italian virago (Signorina Rosanna Schiaffino) who can only act if (literally) kicked around. It's pure hokum—but at least it's not dull.

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE EYE OF SUMMER BY MARJORIE LEE (DEUTSCH, 15s.) **NELSON'S DEAR LORD** BY EVELYN BRECKMAN (MACMILLAN, 30s.) **FACES FROM THE FIRE** BY LEONARD MOSLEY (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 25s.) **THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION 9TH SERIES** ED. BY ROBERT P. MILLS (GOLLANCZ, 18s.) **THE NEW ARCHITECTURE OF EUROPE** BY G. E. KIDDER SMITH (PELICAN, 10s. 6d. & PRENTICE-HALL INTERNATIONAL INC., 30s.) **BILLY LIAR** BY KEITH WATERHOUSE (PENGUIN, 3s.)

A truce to adolescence

MARJORIE LEE'S *The Eye Of Summer*, an American novel about the unhappy growing-up of (in the Salinger manner) "the world's two most premature sophisticates," has a curiously inappropriate jacket that shows a photograph of two nicely muscled extroverts gambolling over the sand dunes. In fact Connie and Spence—who is fragile and wears glasses—are "two small snipers against an enemy world," and what makes one finally cross about them is that Miss Lee is ultimately dreadfully soppy about the perpetual sunshine of adolescence and the idea of two gallant little people making a congenial world of their own. (Quite why they are described as premature sophisticates I never fully understood, since neither seems particularly clever.)

Connie lacks a father, and is neglected by her mother. The two children watch the grown-ups through the banisters and the maid making love through the window—always with the feeling of being a unit against enemy forces. Connie resents the 16-year-old Spence's friendship with the dissatisfied childless summer visitor Mrs. Spiegelman, finally climbs rather inces-

tuously into bed with him with small success, and despairingly sees him cut himself free from a relationship which will clearly become more and more claustrophobic. The writing is at all times clever and at most times slightly pretentious. I think that now for a little time we should all sign a truce about novels on the subject of sensitive adolescence which is after all something we have all been through in our time, and something about which one can always read the first and final word in a book called *Le Grand Meaulnes*. I am for Miss Lee, but only just.

Nelson's Dear Lord by Evelyn Breckman is a biography of Sir John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent and one of Nelson's admirals—the one who never for one moment approved of Lady Hamilton. Miss Breckman—an American who has rather intriguingly been pianist, composer, and thriller writer—has never before attempted historical biography, and this seems to me a very commendable beginning. She is deeply lost to St. Vincent, and so, it seems to me, should we all be. The book closes with the most beautiful and dramatically perfect story of the aged Admiral visiting Greenwich to receive an honour from George IV. Four equally old pensioners who had served under him got wind of his arrival, and knowing his habits, began to keep vigil for him in the corridors of Greenwich from two in the morning. A light at the end of the corridor heralded his limping arrival, they stood to the salute, and St. Vincent adorably and unforgettably was heard (fortunately) to mutter, "We were smart fellows, in our day." It's the sort of peerless story one can never better. I am also very devoted to an entry in the appendix, giving the facts about John Roberts, marine, who at the age of 11 or 12 had occasion to chop off his sister's head when he found her in bed with one Dick Wiles. Another marine, his

friend one assumes, commented "It's a hell of a Jobb," which seems to me one of the more memorable sentences ever spoken.

Faces From The Fire—dreadful title—is a popular and genuinely un-put-downable biography of Sir Archibald McIndoe by Leonard Mosley. McIndoe emerges as a not particularly likeable or subtle character who happened to be marvellously fitted for his particular rôle—no easy one—at a particular time. Mr. Mosley has, I think, done rather well in making acceptable and bearable case-histories of McIndoe burnt pilots which are still not easy to read. The book also contains a very interesting story on the subject of the B.M.A.'s attitude towards "advertising" on the part of doctors and surgeons, an attitude one hopes constantly will eventually be adjusted towards modern conditions and brought faintly into line with reality.

Briefly . . . **The Best From Fantasy And Science Fiction, 9th Series**, edited by Robert P. Mills, has a couple of real chillers in the collection, but seemed to me, SF beginner that I am, for the most part indifferent and fairly heavy going. . . . **The New Architecture Of Europe** by G. E. Kidder Smith is a rather splendid catalogue of new buildings, with necessarily small photographs but at least they are there. Mr. Smith's prose sometimes reads oddly like a translation from some more exotic language—"Coiling on its hilltop as though it grew from the very earth, dominating the countryside, and dominated in turn by the extraordinary projections of its shell-like roof, this strange form makes one churn within." Well, now, maybe. The book is also published in hard-cover by Prentice-Hall International Inc., at 30s. . . . And Penguins have brought out Keith Waterhouse's magic and unique sad joke **Billy Liar**, which should be read in the haunting original at once.

RECORDS SPIKE HUGHES

AIDA BY VERDI **LE ROI DAVID** BY HONEGGER
THE SOLDIER'S TALE BY STRAVINSKY

Bow Street gathering

OVER THE YEARS WE HAVE GROWN PRETTY USED to singers deserting the opera house for the supposedly quiet life of musicals, films and even cabaret. After Tauber in *Lehár*, there was Pinza in *South Pacific*; there were Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett in films, and Helen Traubel in cabaret; and plenty more. But traffic in the opposite direction is comparatively infrequent. Offhand I can think only of Eileen Farrell, who got to the Metropolitan by way of singing jazz, and Leontyne Price who got there by way of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*.

Miss Price has now made her first starring LP in the name part of *Aida* (RCA: three records, mono and stereo), the rôle she sang at her first sensational appearance at Covent Garden four years ago. As a coloured singer Leontyne Price's looks are an added asset in the part on the stage, of course, but they are no use to her in a recording unless she *sounds* the part; which she does, and it's a magnificent and lovely performance. This *Aida* is very much a Covent Garden affair; not only is it con-

ducted by Georg Solti, but the cast includes two other popular Bow Street favourites: Jon Vickers as a virile Radames, and Rita Gorr as a really superb Amneris. There was a time when I feared that having at last broken into international opera, coloured singers would be eternally type-cast—Marian Anderson's début at the Met. as the Negro fortune teller in *A Masked Ball* seemed a sinister pointer. But mercifully things haven't turned out that way. As well as Leontyne Price, singers like Mattiwilda Dobbs, Reri Grist and Gloria Davy have all been allowed to distinguish themselves in the best company in conventionally "white" parts. And why not? You don't have to be Chinese to sing Turandot.

Record companies so rarely have second thoughts about the records they cut out of their lists that it is something of an event when they do. Within a few months of first releasing it five years ago, Decca—don't ask me why—scrapped Ernest Ansermet's fine performance of Honegger's *Le Roi David* and Stravinsky's *The Soldier's Tale*, and that looked like being that. Now the two records have suddenly reappeared (mono only, as before, with Honegger on three sides and Stravinsky on the fourth), and after listening to them again the panic of 1957 is even more puzzling. Though the two works have little in common musically, their origins were remarkably similar. Honegger's music was written for a Biblical play performed in a Swiss village theatre

in 1921; Stravinsky's for a projected miniature travelling theatre, also in Switzerland, in 1918. And Ansermet was intimately concerned with both: he conducted the first performance of *The Soldier's Tale*, and it was due to his and Stravinsky's personal propaganda and recommendation that Honegger got the job of composing *Le Roi David*.

What is now known as Honegger's "symphonic psalm in three parts" has been considerably dolled up for the concert hall since its original version, and is considerably the better for it. The narration, like the singing, is in French (which is why it is referred as *Le Roi David* instead of *King David*), and is wonderful to listen to whether you understand a word of it or not; either way it doesn't distract one from the originality of a score that includes some of the most beautiful lyrical passages in all 20th-century music.

Stravinsky's *The Soldier's Tale*—originally with narration, mime and dancing—is played in its more familiar form of "Concert Suite," and is an admirably cheerful contrast to Honegger. It is Stravinsky in that perky mood which still hasn't left him at 80. The dances include a "Ragtime" played by an orchestra which is rather on the Dixieland side anyway—violin, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, trombone, and a *batterie* player who has the coda to the whole suite to himself, as though he was Shelly Manne or somebody.

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GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

ASPECTS OF 20TH CENTURY ART MARLBOROUGH GALLERIES

Caretaker shows

WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF ART'S CLOSE SEASON. The Summer Exhibition at the Academy has ended its marathon run, the White-chapel Gallery is having its annual holiday, Sotheby's and Christie's have stopped selling, and the Tate is at last without one of those super sideshows put on by the Arts Council to distract visitors from seeing the Gallery's permanent collection.

But nowadays few of the dealers close shop for the holiday period. Most of them hang a selection of their stock on the walls, give it a fancy name and leave the junior partner in charge, confident that he won't sell enough to turn his head. Dull though this may sound these displays are often interesting, not only as indicators of the relative wealth of the dealers but also intrinsically. Those at Gimpel's, the Hanover Gallery, the Lefèvre Gallery and McRoberts & Tunnard's are all worth a visit.

At the O'Hana Gallery, where the exhibition of Impressionist and Modern paintings and sculpture has been resumed after the temporary removal by thieves of £300,000 worth of pictures, attendances suggest that Mr. Jacques O'Hana's stock has been invested with extra glamour as a result of its adventure. But don't let that deter you from going there. There are (or there were when I was there) two landscapes, by Sisley and Monet, of the River Loing at Moret, that are alone worth your journey.

At Tooth's the display is rather less exciting than the list of artists whose works are on show—Corot, Boudin, Utrillo, Degas, Derain, Matisse, Braque, Picasso, etc.—would suggest. But if the minor works by the major artists are a bit of a letdown there are some very pleasing things by such lesser "names" as Valtat, Marquet, Daubigny and Moret. There is, too, a curious self-portrait by Monticelli, the Marseillais whose thick, messy paint was so much admired by Van Gogh.

The most spectacular of these "caretaker" summer shows are those put on by Marlborough Fine Art at their two galleries in Bond Street. There are, unfortunately, only a few days left in which to see them and the one at the New London Gallery, *Picasso and Henry Moore*, should not be missed. Here are the greatest living sculptor and the greatest living all-round artist under one roof—or, rather, in one (luxury) basement. The only thing to be regretted is that the Picassos are not, as the catalogue claims, "important" works. There are some early drawings, a whimsical mosaic, half a dozen paintings mostly undistinguished and a group of lively and colourful new linocuts.

The Moores, on the other hand, show the sculptor at the height of his power. His section of the show is dominated by a massive, bronze *Reclining Mother and Child* that is the quintessence of Moore. Anyone still baffled by the constantly repeated explanations of this sculptor's human figure-into-landscape metaphors should walk around this bronze a few times. As he does so he will see the figures of the "mother" and the "child" transformed into

rocky and hilly landscapes of ever-changing variety and back again into "mother" and "child." He will feel in rapid succession its ponderous solidity and its delicate poise, its primeval strength and its subtle mystery, its brutality and its sentimentality.

There are several other recent large bronzes, many small ones dating from 1935 to this year, and a group of sixteen life drawings, made about 30 years ago, from which it is evident that the great monumental quality of Moore's work was achieved through a victory over a strong quality of sensuality.

At the Marlborough's headquarters on the other side of Bond Street is another dazzling collection of "names," among them Braque, Chagall, Derain, Ernst, Kandinsky,

Klee, Pollock, Rouault, Soutine. There is a rare, large-scale Schwitters collage in which he has used chicken wire, string, a tin-can top, a barrel brace and a piece of a sail. And there are two odd manifestations of the Futurist movement, attempts made in 1913 by Giacomo Balla to convey the feeling of speed, but mainly interesting now as near-abstract paintings. The oddest things in the show, however, are *Mars* and *Town Tower*, two recent creations by British sculptor Eduardo Paolozzi who has now gone to work in an engineer's workshop where he builds his sculptures out of machine parts. The results are surrealistic, robot-like constructions that, disappointingly, prove on examination to be unable even to move, let alone think.



Pictures from the exhibition discussed here. Above: *La Femme au Phlox*, by Albert Gleizes. Below: Watercolour composition, and (right) *Composition, Yellow and Purple*, by Sam Francis



MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Vivacious Vitesse



The new Triumph Vitesse seen as a two-door saloon and as a convertible

VITESSE IS A HIGHLY DESCRIPTIVE NAME FOR THE latest production of Standard-Triumph, the six cylinder version of the Herald introduced last May. The double twin headlamps set on the slant make it easily distinguishable, and once behind the wheel there is no doubt about the increased pep concealed under the bonnet. In third gear I soon had the car humming along at 80 m.p.h., and a quick change into top sent the needle well over the 90 mark. It is a delightful gearbox on which to play tunes, with a well-placed stubby little lever right under one's hand that makes it easy to keep the engine revving at its best—it develops 70 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. The bulky one-piece bonnet raises with much less effort than would be expected—giving ready access to the two Solex carburettors and all the mechanism that needs attention from time to time. Even the battery is readily top-up-able, a none too common

feature these days. The Vitesse is a direct development from the Herald and the Vanguard Six. The chassis has the twin central backbones with outrigger members which give good support to the body. These have been strengthened to suit the extra power and speed as compared with the Herald, and the rear has been reinforced. Here at the back the final drive is mounted on rubber cushions to give smoothness and quietness. The drive is by short swinging shafts to the independently sprung back wheels. The Vitesse also has a larger clutch than the Herald, and closer gearbox ratios—top is 4.11, 3rd is 5.16 and 2nd 7.31. They suit the engine admirably, also the weight of the car, which is just over 18 cwt. with full tank (8½ gallons). If the Laycock-De Normanville overdrive is fitted (an optional extra), top gear is raised to 3.3. to 1, on which 5,000 engine r.p.m. would have the car travelling at 102 m.p.h.

There are two body styles, a saloon at £837 (inclusive of purchase tax) and a convertible at £893. I tried out the convertible, and though the well behind the back seats stole some of the passenger space I had no difficulty in getting two reasonably sized persons into the rear compartment. In front, the individual seats are roomy and comfortable—the driving position can be altered to suit most people by adjustment for height and length. The steering column is designed to collapse on impact, an excellent safety precaution. The hood—easily raised or lowered, and stowed away—is completely weather-proof and has a wide plastic rear window for good visibility. Walnut fillets on the fascia panel and window trim give a feeling of quality to the interior, but I did find that the position of the window winder knob coincided agonizingly with the funny-bone in my knee. The very wide doors (there are only two on both models) made them difficult to open fully in the average street or car park. Nevertheless, the Vitesse was one of the cars that I took a particular fancy to, both for its performance and its ease of handling. A taxi-like steering lock makes it possible to turn the car in a street only 25 feet wide.

As from today, the Ford Classic models—saloon and Capri coupé—are being fitted with enlarged engines of 1,500 instead of the former 1,340 c.c. capacity. Also, a five-bearing crankshaft is being used in place of the previous three-bearing one, a development that is steadily gaining ground especially on the Continent. Ford is the first British motor manufacturer to offer this refinement. Another new feature of the Consul Classic is that the four-speed gearbox now has synchromesh on all its forward ratios, and that greased-for-life joints are fitted to both steering and suspension. Prices remain unchanged at £723 for the two-door saloon, £750 for the four-door and £863 for the Capri (all including purchase tax). Mr. John Read, Ford's sales director, says that the Classic has established itself as one of Britain's best sellers in export markets as well as proving popular here.



NEW FROM AUSTIN HEALEY: the latest model of the 3000 sports convertible—initially for export only—has adjustments calculated to make all-weather motoring that much more comfortable. Probably most useful of all in a changeable climate is the new quick-action hood that is easily operated by one person without getting out of the car. Suspension has also been improved to give increased stability and road-holding power

DINING IN

Helen Burke

MOST OF US HAVE OUR OWN PET WAYS OF serving dishes which, depending on our ingenuity and creative instinct, would not, perhaps, be found in any cookery book. Some of us have basic or foundation recipes which we adapt to make the dish appear to be something new instead of an old friend. I make, for instance, GAZPACHO from Andalusia, an uncooked cold soup which is pretty well known by now. Recently, I made a salad of the same ingredients, using, of course, much less water than for the soup. To recap the latter: slice or dice into a basin a Spanish onion, a green sweet pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 peeled cucumber. Add 3 to 4 sliced skinned and deseeded tomatoes and the juice of 1 to 2 cloves of garlic squeezed through a press. Work in 1 to 2 tablespoons of olive oil, drop by drop, a small spoon of white wine vinegar and then enough cold water to make soup for 4. Season with salt and pepper. Chill for several hours and serve with a cube of ice in each cup.

One day, when in a desperate hurry, I passed all these ingredients through the largest cutter of my electric mincer; the result was infinitely better as cutting created a lot of juice. Since then I have always minced the vegetables, with the exception of the tomatoes which I skin and chop by hand. For the salad, however, hand-cut each ingredient. Reduce the water to a mere spoonful and the vinegar to a couple of drops. Chill the mixture and serve it on halved hearts of cos lettuce.

Another old combination is that of mild smoked haddock poached in milk and crisply grilled mild bacon. But why not trout for a first course? Here is a dish I made recently. Choose very thinly cut long

streaky bacon. Cut off the rinds and, with the back of a flexible knife, spread out each rasher thinner and wider. Place a trout, emptied through the gills and with head left on, on each rasher and wrap it up. Gently grill on both sides. When the bacon is crisp and not burnt, serve with the tiniest of plainly boiled potatoes, turned in a little butter and sprinkled with freshly chopped parsley.

To return to smoked haddock poached in milk: some of the stock should be saved for a very good chowder. We rarely get fresh clams in this country, but canned ones are available. I am aware that CLAM CHOWDER does not contain milk but the deliciously smoked-haddock-flavoured milk is so good that I hope you may be tempted to use it. Start with about an ounce of salt pork cut into very small pieces or, failing dry salt pork, I think that the next best thing is fat unsmoked bacon. Frizzle it in a strong pan, then add a cup of diced raw potatoes and just enough water to cover them and simmer, covered, for 15 to 20 minutes.

Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour in an ounce of butter in a small pan without colouring it. Stir in the liquid drained from the clams and enough of the haddock milk to serve 4 persons. Bring to the boil and simmer until the flour is cooked. Add to the potatoes and pork/bacon and follow with the minced clams. Heat through and serve. An addition which any American would frown on but which you might like is a little chopped canned red sweet pepper or less than half a teaspoon of paprika blended into the flour and butter. I think you might also like to sprinkle the chowder with freshly chopped parsley and, because there is some flour in the sauce, you can even risk adding a fairly

Cold considerations

finely chopped skinned and deseeded tomato.

I have a basic ICE CREAM recipe which you must know by now, if you are a regular reader of *The Tatler* and my notes. I am all for these basic things because you get to know so much about them and what can be added to make more use of them. The original frozen sweet started with the juice from ripe blackcurrants but, when these became difficult to get, I substituted a small can of blackcurrant purée and found that it was even better than the fruit itself. This past week, with peaches at 3 to 4 for 1s., I made a similar sweet, using them. First, before starting to make the sweet, turn the refrigerator dial to its coldest. Peel 3 small peaches. After halving them and removing the stones, put them into your electric blender or use a "mouli" to purée them. Turn $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of double cream into a basin with 2 to 3 tablespoons of icing sugar and whisk to the very soft peak stage. Gradually whip in the raw peach purée, stopping just before that too strange glisten appears in the mixture. The addition of a tablespoon of peach brandy emphasizes the flavour.

Turn the mixture into a metal tray, place it in the freezing chamber of the refrigerator and leave to freeze hard. Several hours before serving, return the temperature to "normal" so that the sweet will not be too firm at table. Bananas make a very good ice cream. Mash 2 of them with a dessertspoon of lemon juice or pulp them in an electric blender. Add a tablespoon of rum, then proceed as above. Or, instead of the rum, add a scant teaspoon of that liquid coffee we now get in a dispenser. It is already vanilla flavoured and some, I believe, has a faint taste of rum.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

LONDON IS A MAN'S CITY, JUST AS SURELY AS Paris is a woman's. Of all the world's capitals, only London seems to have all the ingredients of a richly satisfying life for a man. Two men of my acquaintance, one American, one Italian, agreed that London alone stands as a last outpost of masculinity. Women are delightful, but not to be tolerated cutting one's hair (look what happened to Samson) or dictating the choice of clothes. These indignities are currently suffered by the Germans and Americans respectively.

Paris displays her charms immediately, but the delights of London have to be sought out. If I had to take a man from overseas round the male retreats of London, I wouldn't know where to start. It might be in Pickering Place, off St. James's Street. For me, it's the centre of London. Turning off St. James's Street by Berry Brothers and Rudd, the wine merchants, one finds oneself in a quiet paved courtyard, once a duelling ground. From there, with a brace of pistols in mind, the pint of port wine is a logical step—and Berry Brothers can best supply it. I would have them show their beautifully balanced scales that hang in the 17th-century shop. While the scales swing (for 20 minutes) the weight books would pass the time while wine is brought up from the

cellars. And if we were very fortunate we might be invited for a glass in the delightful parlour looking on to Pickering Place.

A few steps up the street take one into the 18th century. Because Locks, at 6 St. James's Street, doesn't change. I'd have warned my friend not to talk of bowlers here, so that he could decently ask for a Coke. If he was American he might be surprised not to get a fizzy drink. But there are the original blocks to make the perfect bulbous crown, and the handsome hat boxes in the window. A hat by Lock demands a perfect haircut, by a hairdresser who listens to instructions and complies with them. Topper? Trumper? Truefitt & Hill? Penhaligon? Trumpers might win by a split hair through their "Eucris" lotion.

A choice of tailor would be difficult. Presuming my friend were rich, it might be fun for him to order a different suit from each of the best tailors and then decide who to go to for the rest of his wardrobe. One visitor to London told me he had encountered "a sort of servile cantankerousness" at a tailor's, but I think he was mistaken. The mixture of doubt and surprise is artfully feigned with the best intentions at heart.

Lunchtime. Shall it be Simpson's in the Strand? Or a visit farther East to Simpson's Tavern in Ball Court, 38 Cornhill? A real

Urban enchantments

City Chop House, this, with a coke grill and a brass hat rail. Lunch might be completed in easy stages by a visit to the Jamaica wine house in St. Michaels Alley, off Cornhill, which gives one the charming impression of drinking one's wine in a Dickensian warehouse. And after lunch? Cricket. A visit to Lord's or the Oval. Nothing can bemuse a visitor to this country better than listening to an explanation of the rules of cricket. More energetic, and perhaps more fitting for the early morning, a ride in Hyde Park. But if there's no cricket to be found, a walk through the Temple or Lincoln's Inn Fields might fill the bill.

Until opening time, that is. Because a visit to a pub or two would be essential. The Grenadier in Wilton Row, or the Star in Belgrave Mews West perhaps, but because the essence of British drinking is that it must be done in one's "local," I would choose not to travel the well-trodden path to a pub where people drive in from miles around.

Dinner could well be found at one of London's excellent oyster bars. After this overpoweringly male day, it might be a relief to go to Wilton's. Normally I dislike being served at table by waitresses, but this doesn't apply to Wilton's where service and food are equally impeccable.



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Tutt—Metcalf: Jane Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Tutt, of Albany House, Weybridge, Surrey, was married to Geoffrey Norris, son of the late Capt. & Mrs. A. J. Metcalfe, at St. Mary's, Oatlands



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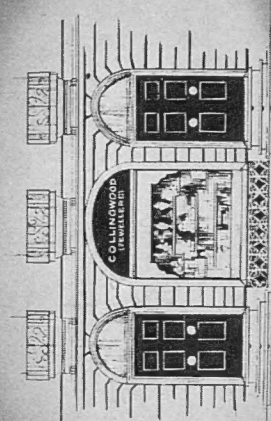


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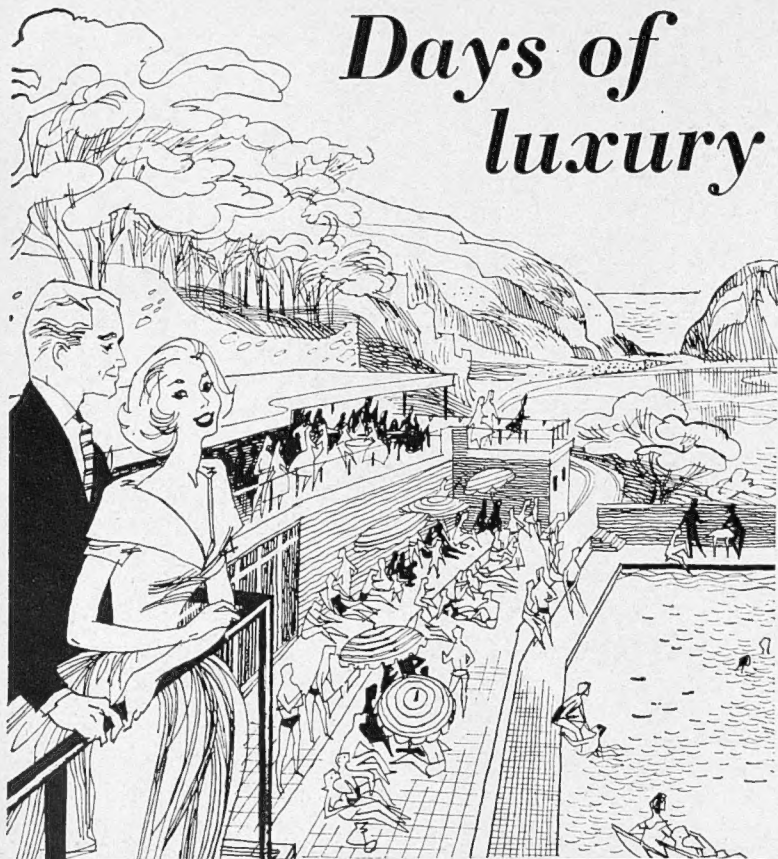


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Music

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T.V. Schweppsicolor encourages music; but everybody agrees that good music is bad camera. Nevertheless it is our aim to make music acceptable to the eye.

The question of length is important, and our available periods, of thirteen minutes twelve seconds, make a certain manipulation, i.e. shortening, inevitable. Repeats are cut, together with needless echoes of a phrase of the kind which occur somewhat redundantly surely in the first 3 bars

of Beethoven's Fifth. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony stops even more prematurely. Variations are limited to two, though for the sake of our backers we make an exception of Variations on a Theme of Purcil.

Choice of soloists with personality is obviously important, but our contralto also has quite a pretty voice. Our conductor not only took second prize in Masterful Batonry, but also won a scholarship in conducting soloists back on to the stage for the second call, a part of his art the grace and gentlemanliness of which comes over well in our concert hall concerts, as can be seen from our frequent close-ups of our appreciative audience, picked for appreciating. By special permission of the conductor, the camera occasionally leaves him and pans (through the perceptiveness of a television producer with an extra-

ordinary knowledge of the musical score) on to that section of the orchestra which is about to come out strongest. To help distinguish them from the second violins, violas have been varnished purple instead of brown. It has been difficult to find double basses with cleft chins, and the appearance of some of our brass is on the inconspicuous side: but our kettle drum, who once had a recording in the top twenty, was Mr. Tymps for 1958.



Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him